YEAH, YEAH, YEAH.. WHATEVAH!
#30
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HATE!
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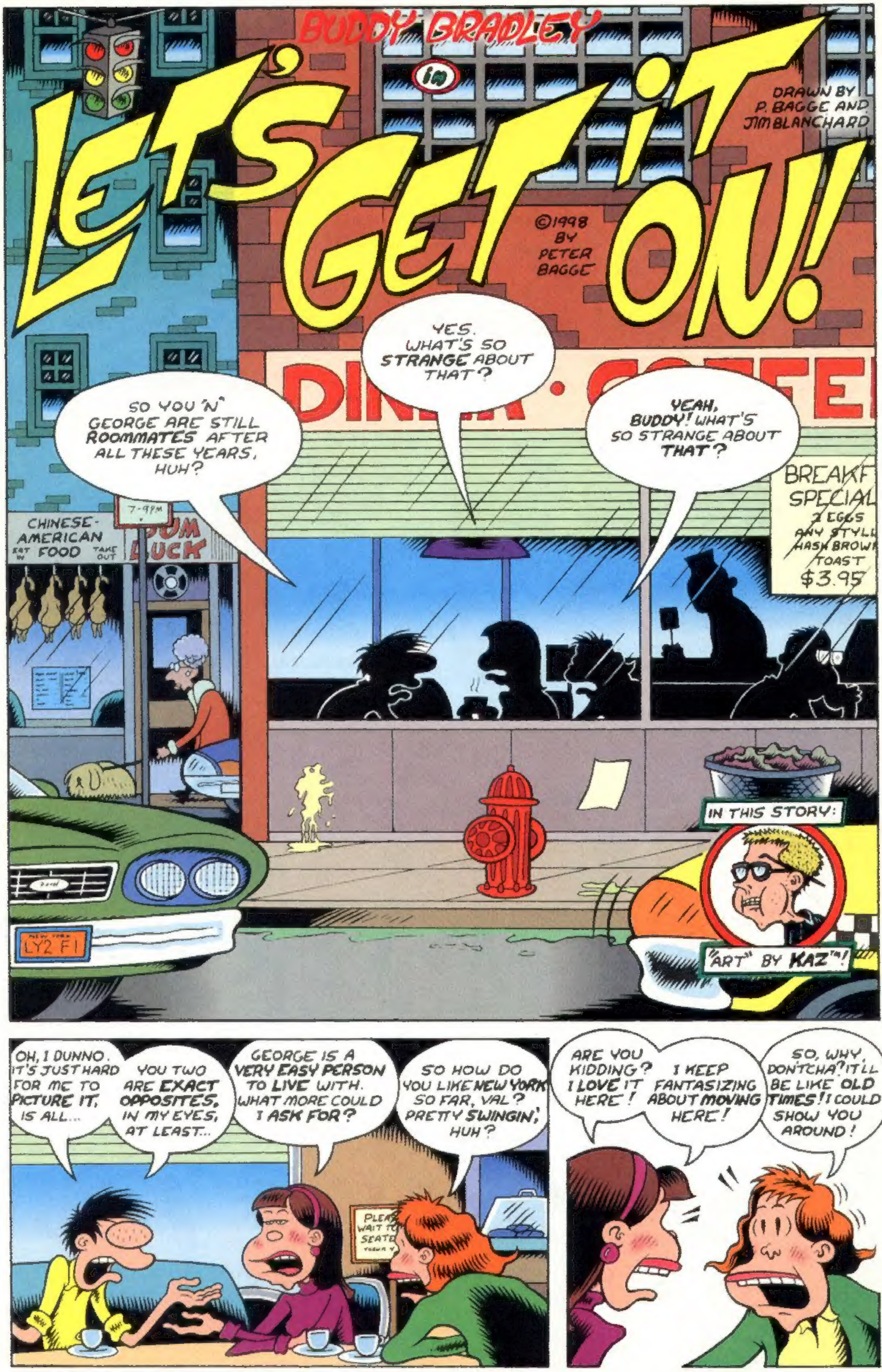
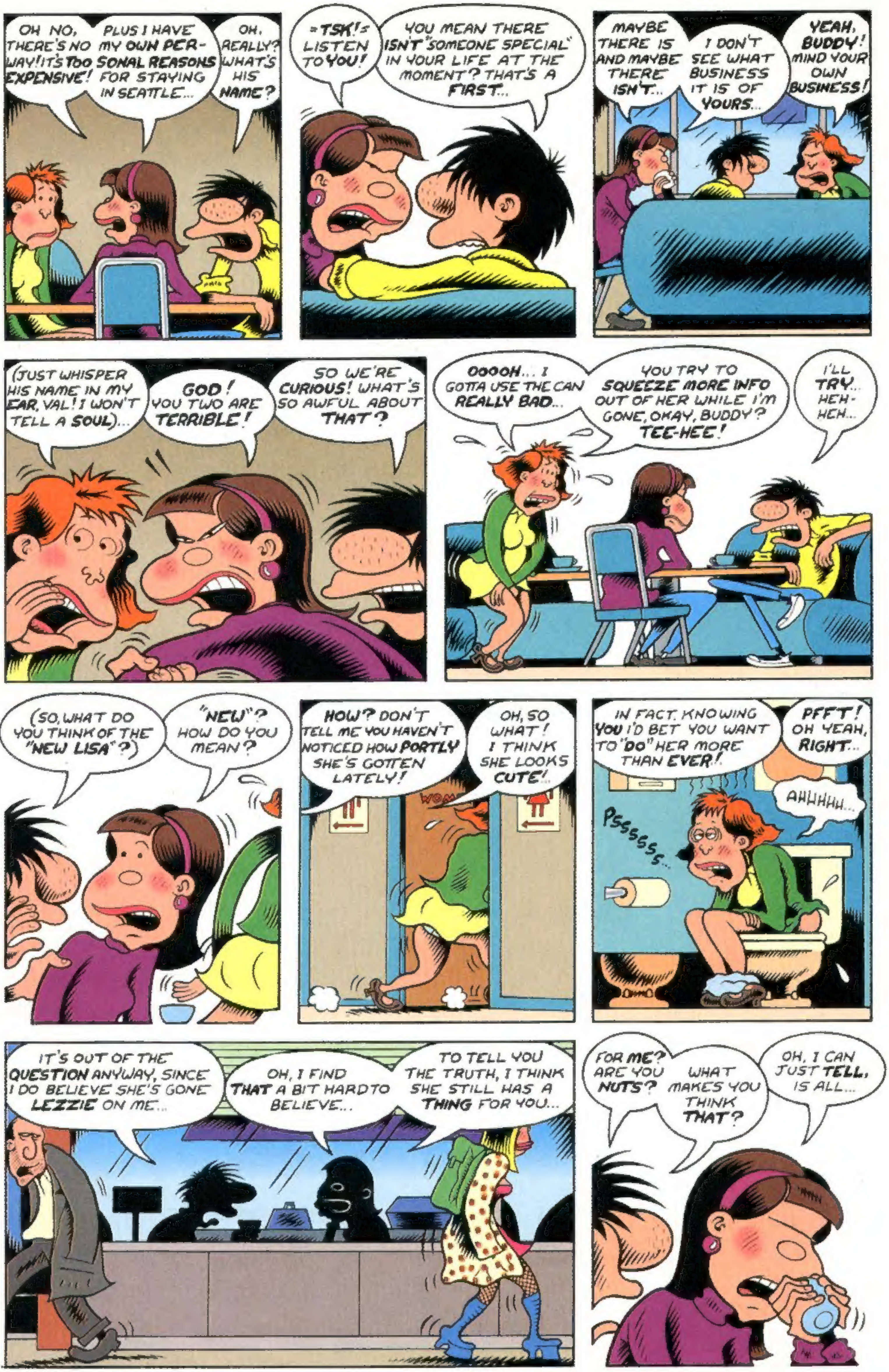
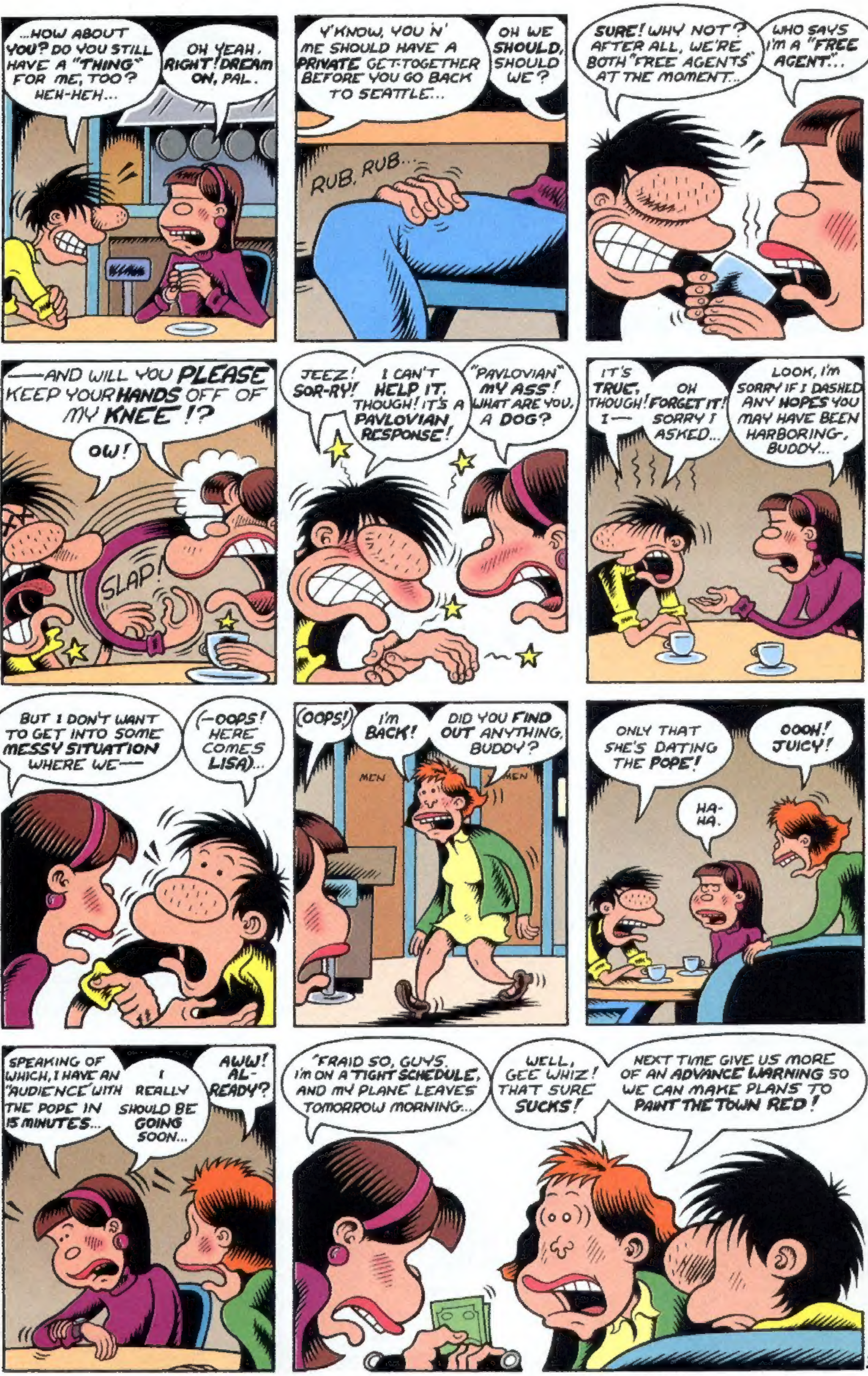
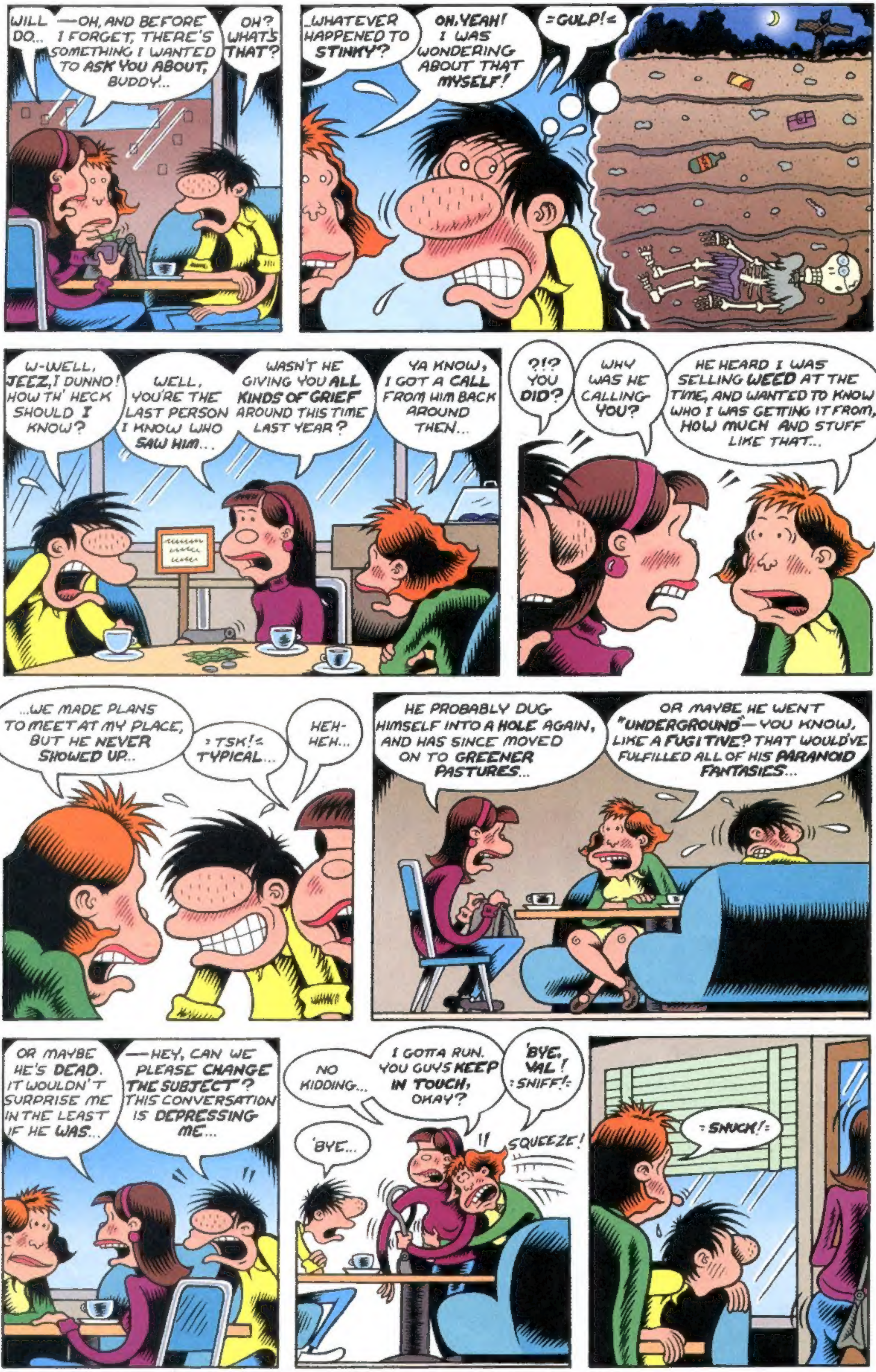


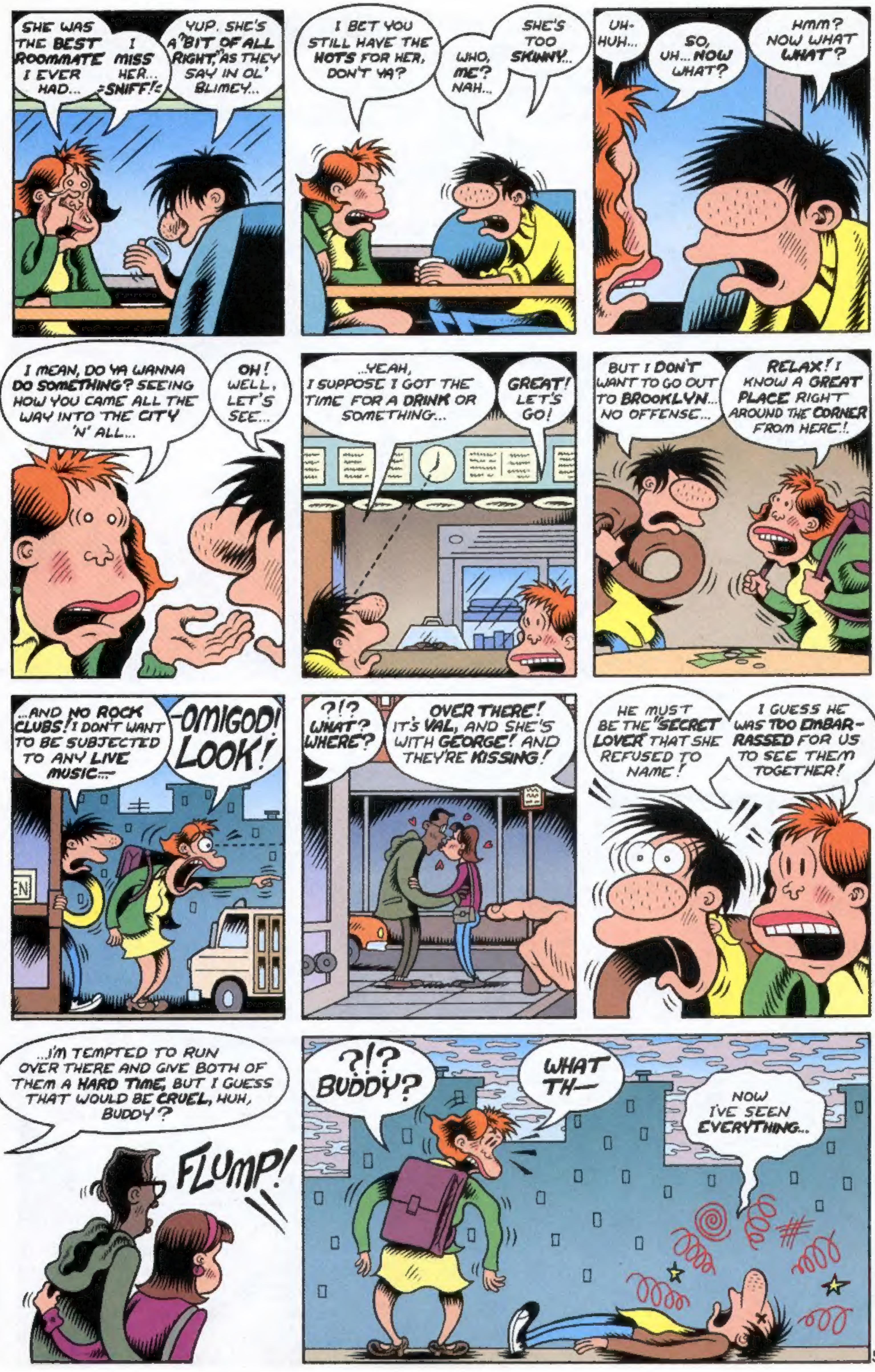
BUDDY BRADLEY
in
LET'S GET IT ON!
DRAWN BY P. BAGGE AND JIM BLANCHARD
©1998 BY PETER BAGGE
SO YOU 'N' GEORGE ARE STILL ROOMMATES AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, HUH?
YES. WHAT'S SO STRANGE ABOUT THAT?
YEAH, BUDDY! WHAT'S SO STRANGE ABOUT THAT?
CHINESE-AMERICAN FOOD
EAT IN
TAKE OUT
7-9PM
BREAKF SPECIAL
2 EGGS
TOAST
$3.95
LY2 F1
IN THIS STORY:
"ART" BY KAZ™!
OH, I DUNNO. IT'S JUST HARD FOR ME TO PICTURE IT, IS ALL...
YOU TWO ARE EXACT OPPOSITES, IN MY EYES, AT LEAST...
GEORGE IS A VERY EASY PERSON TO LIVE WITH. WHAT MORE COULD I ASK FOR?
SO HOW DO YOU LIKE NEW YORK SO FAR, VAL? PRETTY SWINGIN', HUH?
ARE YOU KIDDING? I LOVE IT HERE!
I KEEP FANTASIZING ABOUT MOVING HERE!
SO, WHY DON'TCHA? IT'LL BE LIKE OLD TIMES! I COULD SHOW YOU AROUND!



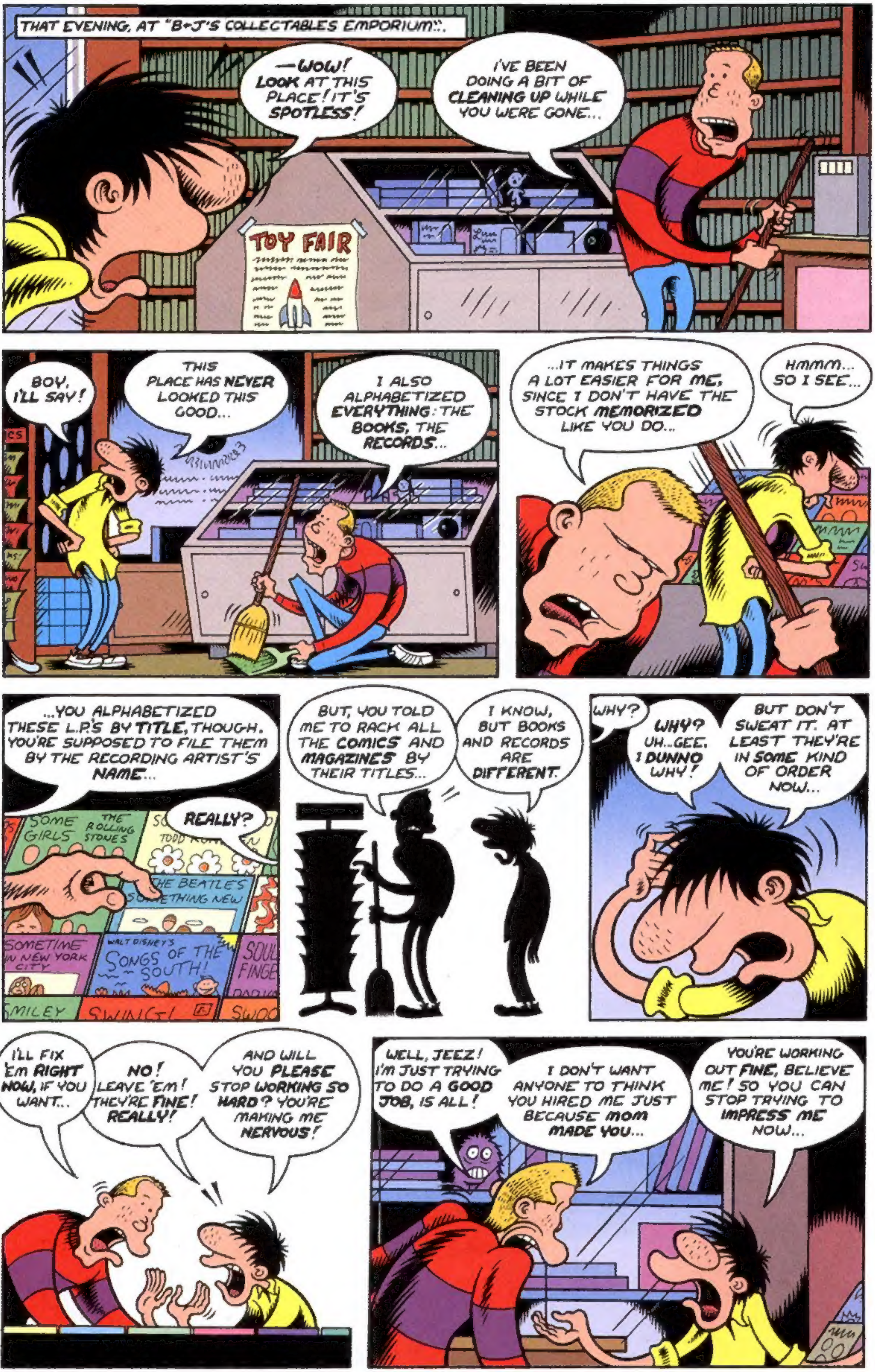
OH NO, THERE'S NO WAY! IT'S TOO EXPENSIVE!
PLUS I HAVE MY OWN PERSONAL REASONS FOR STAYING IN SEATTLE...
OH, REALLY? WHAT'S HIS NAME?
=TSK!= LISTEN TO YOU!
YOU MEAN THERE ISN'T "SOMEONE SPECIAL" IN YOUR LIFE AT THE MOMENT? THAT'S A FIRST...
MAYBE THERE IS AND MAYBE THERE ISN'T...
I DON'T SEE WHAT BUSINESS IT IS OF YOURS...
YEAH, BUDDY! MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!
(JUST WHISPER HIS NAME IN MY EAR, VAL! I WON'T TELL A SOUL)...
GOD! YOU TWO ARE TERRIBLE!
SO WE'RE CURIOUS! WHAT'S SO AWFUL ABOUT THAT?
OOOOH... I GOTTA USE THE CAN REALLY BAD...
YOU TRY TO SQUEEZE MORE INFO OUT OF HER WHILE I'M GONE, OKAY, BUDDY? TEE-HEE!
I'LL TRY... HEH-HEH...
(SO, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE "NEW LISA"?)
"NEW"? HOW DO YOU MEAN?
HOW? DON'T TELL ME YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED HOW PORTLY SHE'S GOTTEN LATELY!
OH, SO WHAT! I THINK SHE LOOKS CUTE!
IN FACT, KNOWING YOU I'D BET YOU WANT TO "DO" HER MORE THAN EVER!
PFFT! OH YEAH, RIGHT...
PSSSSSS...
AHHHHH...
IT'S OUT OF THE QUESTION ANYWAY, SINCE I DO BELIEVE SHE'S GONE LEZZIE ON ME...
OH, I FIND THAT A BIT HARD TO BELIEVE...
TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I THINK SHE STILL HAS A THING FOR YOU...
FOR ME? ARE YOU NUTS?
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT?
OH, I CAN JUST TELL, IS ALL...


...HOW ABOUT YOU? DO YOU STILL HAVE A "THING" FOR ME, TOO? HEH-HEH...
OH YEAH, RIGHT! DREAM ON, PAL.
Y'KNOW, YOU 'N' ME SHOULD HAVE A PRIVATE GET-TOGETHER BEFORE YOU GO BACK TO SEATTLE...
OH WE SHOULD, SHOULD WE?
RUB, RUB...
SURE! WHY NOT? AFTER ALL, WE'RE BOTH "FREE AGENTS" AT THE MOMENT...
WHO SAYS I'M A "FREE AGENT"...
—AND WILL YOU PLEASE KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF OF MY KNEE!?
OW!
SLAP!
JEEZ! SOR-RY!
I CAN'T HELP IT, THOUGH! IT'S A PAVLOVIAN RESPONSE!
"PAVLOVIAN" MY ASS! WHAT ARE YOU, A DOG?
IT'S TRUE, THOUGH! I—
OH FORGET IT! SORRY I ASKED...
LOOK, I'M SORRY IF I DASHED ANY HOPES YOU MAY HAVE BEEN HARBORING, BUDDY...
BUT I DON'T WANT TO GET INTO SOME MESSY SITUATION WHERE WE—
(—OOPS! HERE COMES LISA)...
(OOPS!)
I'M BACK!
DID YOU FIND OUT ANYTHING, BUDDY?
MEN
WOMEN
ONLY THAT SHE'S DATING THE POPE!
OOOH! JUICY!
HA-HA.
SPEAKING OF WHICH, I HAVE AN "AUDIENCE" WITH THE POPE IN 15 MINUTES...
I REALLY SHOULD BE GOING SOON...
AWW! AL-READY?
'FRAID SO, GUYS. I'M ON A TIGHT SCHEDULE, AND MY PLANE LEAVES TOMORROW MORNING...
WELL, GEE WHIZ! THAT SURE SUCKS!
NEXT TIME GIVE US MORE OF AN ADVANCE WARNING SO WE CAN MAKE PLANS TO PAINT THE TOWN RED!

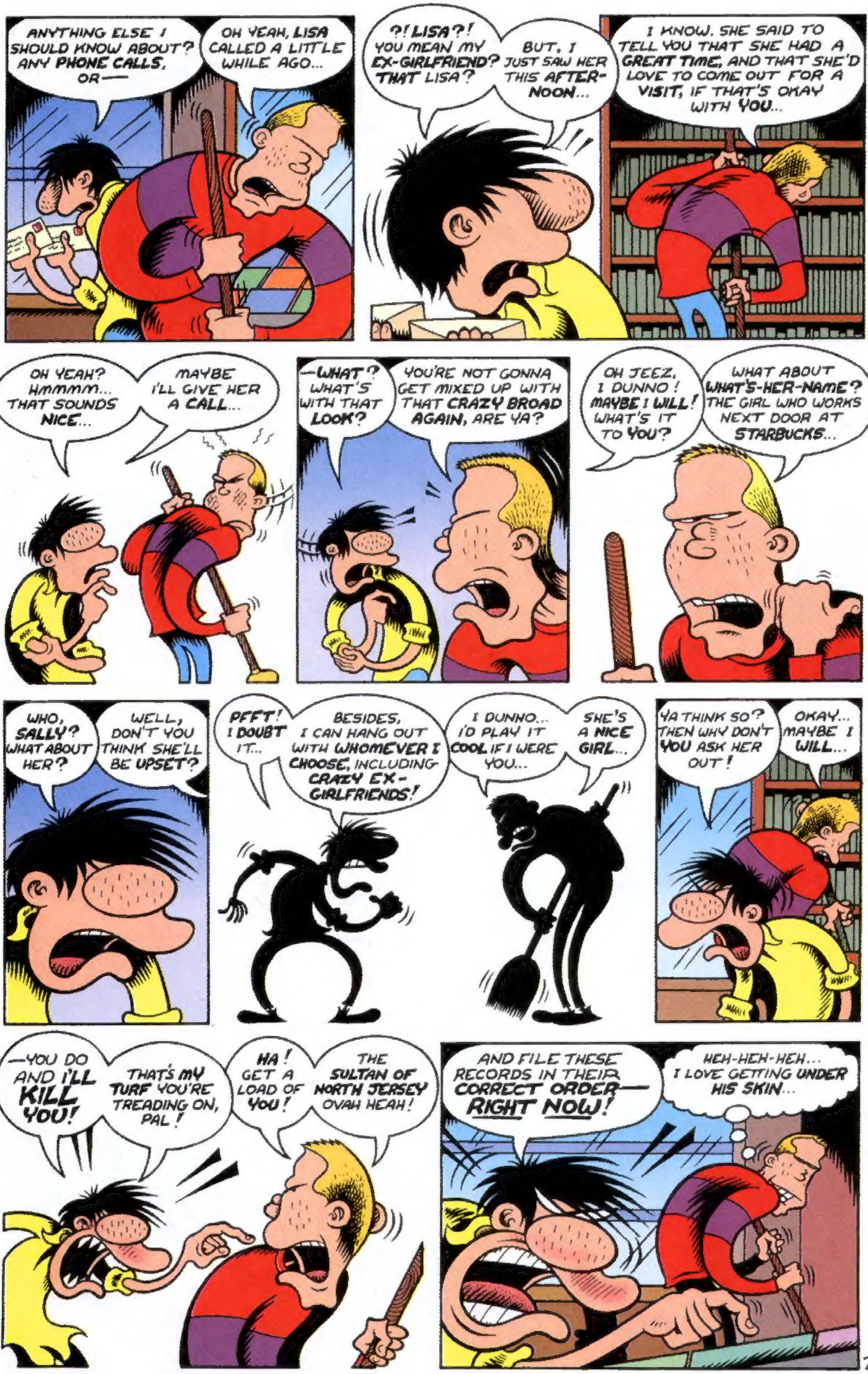

WILL DO...
—OH, AND BEFORE I FORGET, THERE'S SOMETHING I WANTED TO ASK YOU ABOUT, BUDDY...
OH? WHAT'S THAT?
...WHATEVER HAPPENED TO STINKY?
OH, YEAH! I WAS WONDERING ABOUT THAT MYSELF!
=GULP!=
W-WELL, JEEZ, I DUNNO! HOW TH' HECK SHOULD I KNOW?
WELL, YOU'RE THE LAST PERSON I KNOW WHO SAW HIM...
WASN'T HE GIVING YOU ALL KINDS OF GRIEF AROUND THIS TIME LAST YEAR?
YA KNOW, I GOT A CALL FROM HIM BACK AROUND THEN...
?!? YOU DID?
WHY WAS HE CALLING YOU?
HE HEARD I WAS SELLING WEED AT THE TIME, AND WANTED TO KNOW WHO I WAS GETTING IT FROM, HOW MUCH AND STUFF LIKE THAT...
...WE MADE PLANS TO MEET AT MY PLACE, BUT HE NEVER SHOWED UP...
=TSK!= TYPICAL...
HEH-HEH...
HE PROBABLY DUG HIMSELF INTO A HOLE AGAIN, AND HAS SINCE MOVED ON TO GREENER PASTURES...
OR MAYBE HE WENT "UNDERGROUND"— YOU KNOW, LIKE A FUGITIVE? THAT WOULD'VE FULFILLED ALL OF HIS PARANOID FANTASIES...
OR MAYBE HE'S DEAD. IT WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME IN THE LEAST IF HE WAS...
—HEY, CAN WE PLEASE CHANGE THE SUBJECT? THIS CONVERSATION IS DEPRESSING ME...
NO KIDDING...
I GOTTA RUN. YOU GUYS KEEP IN TOUCH, OKAY?
'BYE, VAL! =SNIFF!=
'BYE...
SQUEEZE!
=SNUCK!=

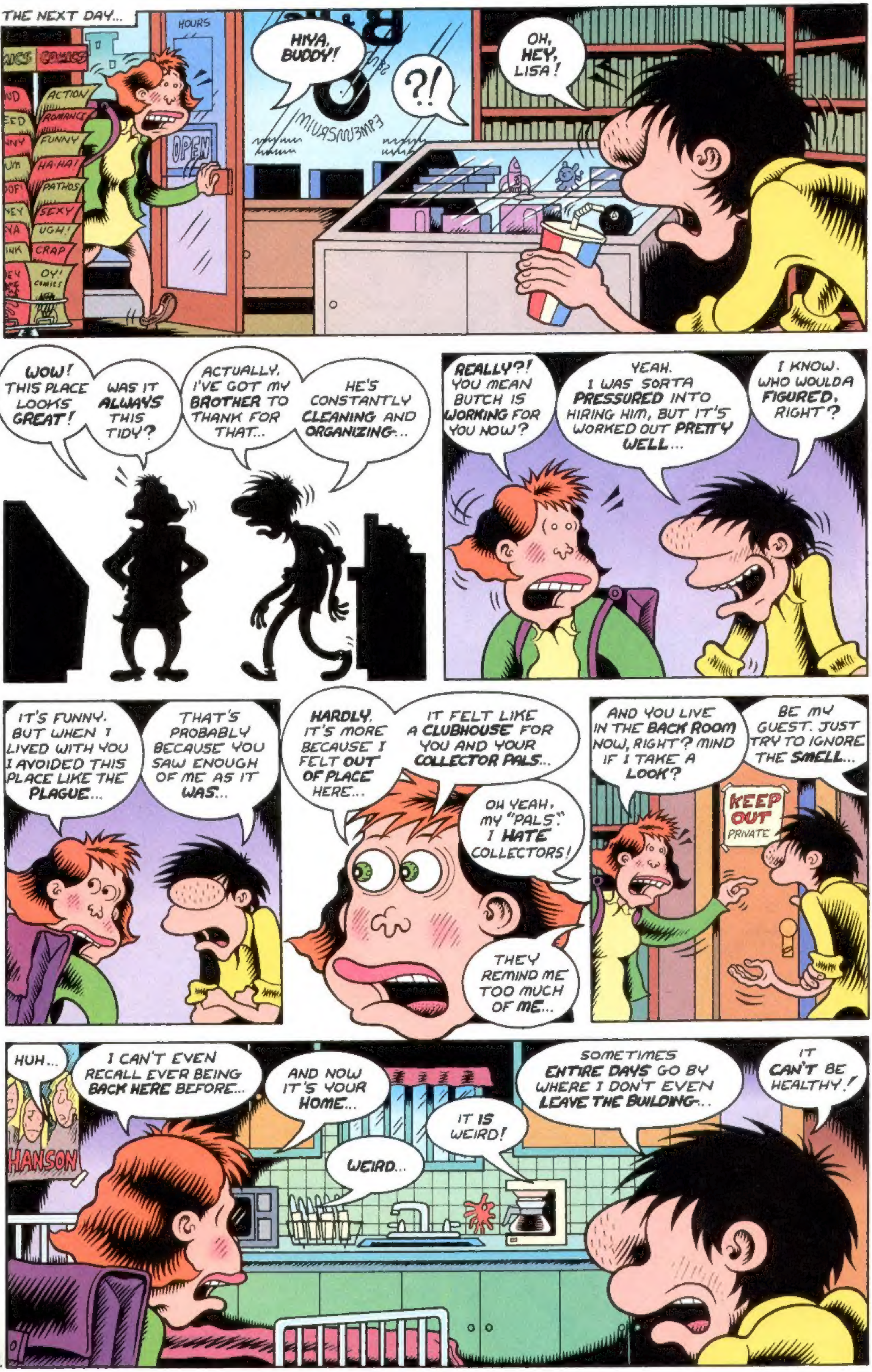


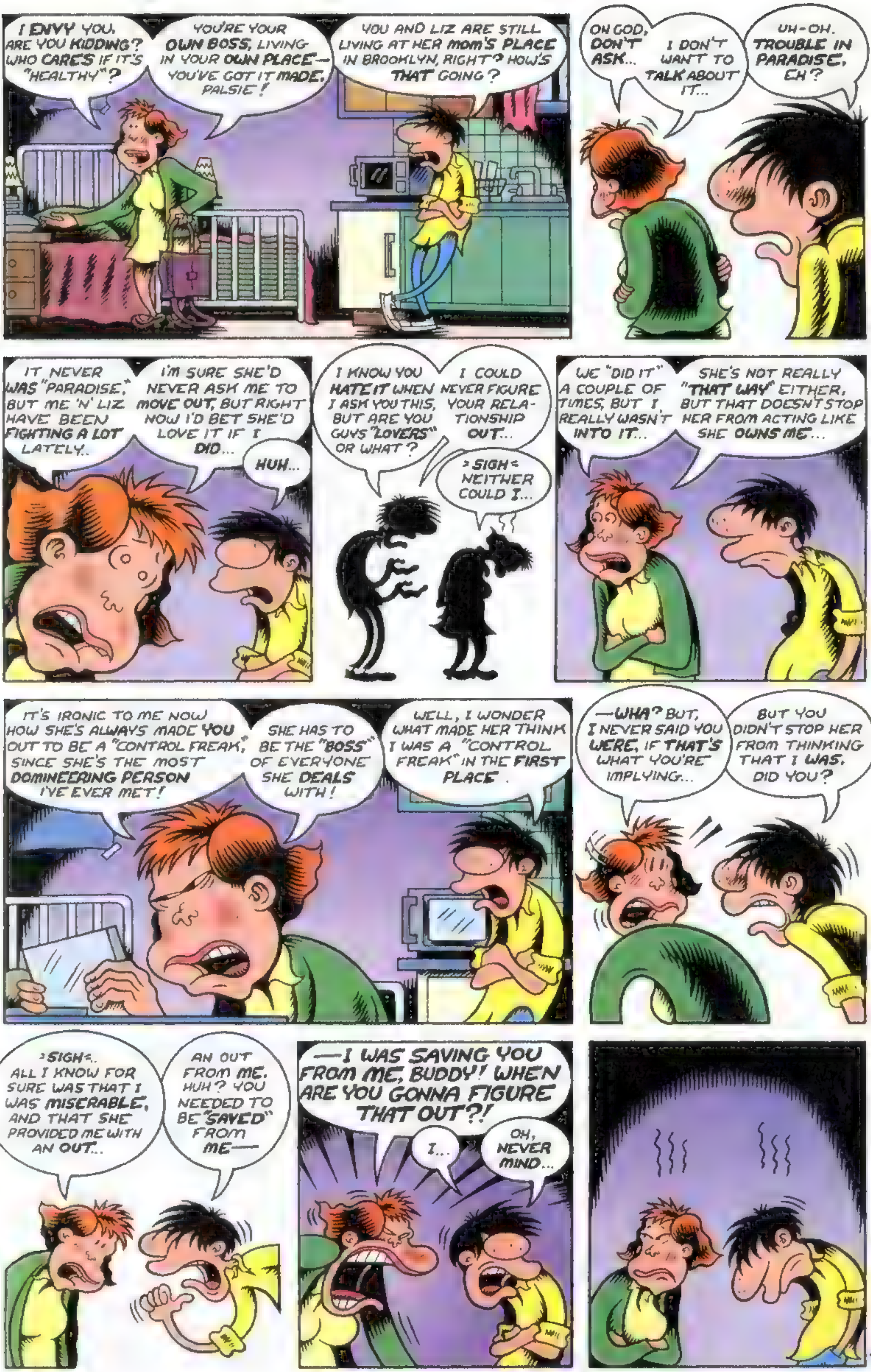
SHE WAS THE BEST ROOMMATE I EVER HAD...
I MISS HER... =SNIFF!=
YUP. SHE'S A "BIT OF ALL RIGHT," AS THEY SAY IN OL' BLIMEY...
I BET YOU STILL HAVE THE HOTS FOR HER, DON'T YA?
WHO, ME? NAH...
SHE'S TOO SKINNY...
UH-HUH...
SO, UH... NOW WHAT?
HMM? NOW WHAT WHAT?
I MEAN, DO YA WANNA DO SOMETHING? SEEING HOW YOU CAME ALL THE WAY INTO THE CITY 'N' ALL...
OH! WELL, LET'S SEE...
...YEAH, I SUPPOSE I GOT THE TIME FOR A DRINK OR SOMETHING...
GREAT! LET'S GO!
BUT I DON'T WANT TO GO OUT TO BROOKLYN... NO OFFENSE...
RELAX! I KNOW A GREAT PLACE RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER FROM HERE!
...AND NO ROCK CLUBS! I DON'T WANT TO BE SUBJECTED TO ANY LIVE MUSIC—
—OMIGOD! LOOK!
?!? WHAT? WHERE?
OVER THERE! IT'S VAL, AND SHE'S WITH GEORGE! AND THEY'RE KISSING!
HE MUST BE THE "SECRET LOVER" THAT SHE REFUSED TO NAME!
I GUESS HE WAS TOO EMBARRASSED FOR US TO SEE THEM TOGETHER!
...I'M TEMPTED TO RUN OVER THERE AND GIVE BOTH OF THEM A HARD TIME, BUT I GUESS THAT WOULD BE CRUEL, HUH, BUDDY?
FLUMP!
?!? BUDDY?
WHAT TH—
NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING...



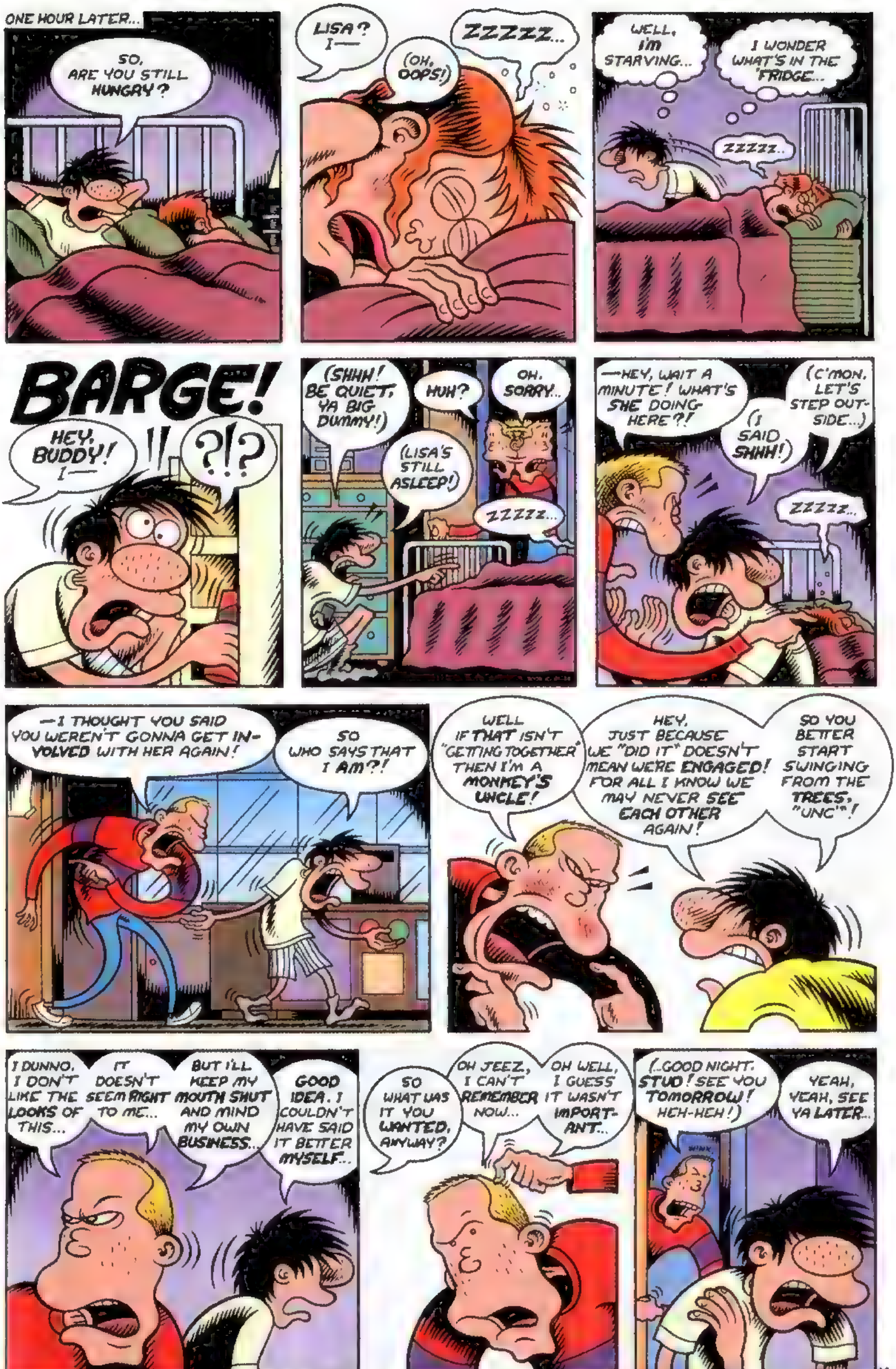
THAT EVENING, AT "B+J'S COLLECTABLES EMPORIUM"...
—WOW! LOOK AT THIS PLACE! IT'S SPOTLESS!
I'VE BEEN DOING A BIT OF CLEANING UP WHILE YOU WERE GONE...
TOY FAIR
BOY, I'LL SAY!
THIS PLACE HAS NEVER LOOKED THIS GOOD...
I ALSO ALPHABETIZED EVERYTHING: THE BOOKS, THE RECORDS...
...IT MAKES THINGS A LOT EASIER FOR ME, SINCE I DON'T HAVE THE STOCK MEMORIZED LIKE YOU DO...
HMMM... SO I SEE...
...YOU ALPHABETIZED THESE L.P.'S BY TITLE, THOUGH. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO FILE THEM BY THE RECORDING ARTIST'S NAME...
REALLY?
SOME GIRLS THE ROLLING STONES
THE BEATLES SOMETHING NEW
SOMETIME IN NEW YORK CITY
WALT DISNEY'S SONGS OF THE SOUTH!
BUT, YOU TOLD ME TO RACK ALL THE COMICS AND MAGAZINES BY THEIR TITLES...
I KNOW, BUT BOOKS AND RECORDS ARE DIFFERENT.
WHY?
WHY? UH...GEE, I DUNNO WHY!
BUT DON'T SWEAT IT. AT LEAST THEY'RE IN SOME KIND OF ORDER NOW...
I'LL FIX 'EM RIGHT NOW, IF YOU WANT...
NO! LEAVE 'EM! THEY'RE FINE! REALLY!
AND WILL YOU PLEASE STOP WORKING SO HARD? YOU'RE MAKING ME NERVOUS!
WELL, JEEZ! I'M JUST TRYING TO DO A GOOD JOB, IS ALL!
I DON'T WANT ANYONE TO THINK YOU HIRED ME JUST BECAUSE MOM MADE YOU...
YOU'RE WORKING OUT FINE, BELIEVE ME! SO YOU CAN STOP TRYING TO IMPRESS ME NOW...


ANYTHING ELSE I SHOULD KNOW ABOUT? ANY PHONE CALLS, OR—
OH YEAH, LISA CALLED A LITTLE WHILE AGO...
?! LISA?! YOU MEAN MY EX-GIRLFRIEND? THAT LISA?
BUT, I JUST SAW HER THIS AFTERNOON...
I KNOW. SHE SAID TO TELL YOU THAT SHE HAD A GREAT TIME, AND THAT SHE'D LOVE TO COME OUT FOR A VISIT, IF THAT'S OKAY WITH YOU...
OH YEAH? HMMMM... THAT SOUNDS NICE...
MAYBE I'LL GIVE HER A CALL...
—WHAT? WHAT'S WITH THAT LOOK?
YOU'RE NOT GONNA GET MIXED UP WITH THAT CRAZY BROAD AGAIN, ARE YA?
OH JEEZ, I DUNNO! MAYBE I WILL! WHAT'S IT TO YOU?
WHAT ABOUT WHAT'S-HER-NAME? THE GIRL WHO WORKS NEXT DOOR AT STARBUCKS...
WHO, SALLY? WHAT ABOUT HER?
WELL, DON'T YOU THINK SHE'LL BE UPSET?
PFFT! I DOUBT IT...
BESIDES, I CAN HANG OUT WITH WHOMEVER I CHOOSE, INCLUDING CRAZY EX-GIRLFRIENDS!
I DUNNO... I'D PLAY IT COOL IF I WERE YOU...
SHE'S A NICE GIRL...
YA THINK SO? THEN WHY DON'T YOU ASK HER OUT!
OKAY... MAYBE I WILL...
—YOU DO AND I'LL KILL YOU!
THAT'S MY TURF YOU'RE TREADING ON, PAL!
HA! GET A LOAD OF YOU!
THE SULTAN OF NORTH JERSEY OVAH HEAH!
AND FILE THESE RECORDS IN THEIR CORRECT ORDER— RIGHT NOW!
HEH-HEH-HEH... I LOVE GETTING UNDER HIS SKIN...


THE NEXT DAY...
HOURS
COMICS
ACTION
ROMANCE
FUNNY
HA-HA!
PATHOS
SEXY
UGH!
CRAP
OY! COMICS
OPEN
HIYA, BUDDY!
?!
OH, HEY, LISA!
WOW! THIS PLACE LOOKS GREAT!
WAS IT ALWAYS THIS TIDY?
ACTUALLY, I'VE GOT MY BROTHER TO THANK FOR THAT...
HE'S CONSTANTLY CLEANING AND ORGANIZING...
REALLY?! YOU MEAN BUTCH IS WORKING FOR YOU NOW?
YEAH. I WAS SORTA PRESSURED INTO HIRING HIM, BUT IT'S WORKED OUT PRETTY WELL...
I KNOW. WHO WOULDA FIGURED, RIGHT?
IT'S FUNNY. BUT WHEN I LIVED WITH YOU I AVOIDED THIS PLACE LIKE THE PLAGUE...
THAT'S PROBABLY BECAUSE YOU SAW ENOUGH OF ME AS IT WAS...
HARDLY. IT'S MORE BECAUSE I FELT OUT OF PLACE HERE...
IT FELT LIKE A CLUBHOUSE FOR YOU AND YOUR COLLECTOR PALS...
OH YEAH, MY "PALS." I HATE COLLECTORS!
THEY REMIND ME TOO MUCH OF ME...
AND YOU LIVE IN THE BACK ROOM NOW, RIGHT? MIND IF I TAKE A LOOK?
BE MY GUEST. JUST TRY TO IGNORE THE SMELL...
KEEP OUT PRIVATE
HUH...
I CAN'T EVEN RECALL EVER BEING BACK HERE BEFORE...
AND NOW IT'S YOUR HOME...
WEIRD...
IT IS WEIRD!
SOMETIMES ENTIRE DAYS GO BY WHERE I DON'T EVEN LEAVE THE BUILDING...
IT CAN'T BE HEALTHY!
HANSON


I ENVY YOU. ARE YOU KIDDING? WHO CARES IF IT'S "HEALTHY"?
YOU'RE YOUR OWN BOSS, LIVING IN YOUR OWN PLACE— YOU'VE GOT IT MADE, PALSIE!
YOU AND LIZ ARE STILL LIVING AT HER MOM'S PLACE IN BROOKLYN, RIGHT? HOW'S THAT GOING?
OH GOD, DON'T ASK...
I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT...
UH-OH. TROUBLE IN PARADISE, EH?
IT NEVER WAS "PARADISE," BUT ME 'N' LIZ HAVE BEEN FIGHTING A LOT LATELY..
I'M SURE SHE'D NEVER ASK ME TO MOVE OUT, BUT RIGHT NOW I'D BET SHE'D LOVE IT IF I DID...
HUH...
I KNOW YOU HATE IT WHEN I ASK YOU THIS, BUT ARE YOU GUYS "LOVERS" OR WHAT?
I COULD NEVER FIGURE YOUR RELATIONSHIP OUT...
>SIGH< NEITHER COULD I...
WE "DID IT" A COUPLE OF TIMES, BUT I REALLY WASN'T INTO IT...
SHE'S NOT REALLY "THAT WAY" EITHER, BUT THAT DOESN'T STOP HER FROM ACTING LIKE SHE OWNS ME...
IT'S IRONIC TO ME NOW HOW SHE'S ALWAYS MADE YOU OUT TO BE A "CONTROL FREAK," SINCE SHE'S THE MOST DOMINEERING PERSON I'VE EVER MET!
SHE HAS TO BE THE "BOSS" OF EVERYONE SHE DEALS WITH!
WELL, I WONDER WHAT MADE HER THINK I WAS A "CONTROL FREAK" IN THE FIRST PLACE.
—WHA? BUT, I NEVER SAID YOU WERE, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE IMPLYING...
BUT YOU DIDN'T STOP HER FROM THINKING THAT I WAS, DID YOU?
>SIGH<.. ALL I KNOW FOR SURE WAS THAT I WAS MISERABLE, AND THAT SHE PROVIDED ME WITH AN OUT...
AN OUT FROM ME, HUH? YOU NEEDED TO BE "SAVED" FROM ME—
—I WAS SAVING YOU FROM ME, BUDDY! WHEN ARE YOU GONNA FIGURE THAT OUT?!
I...
OH, NEVER MIND...

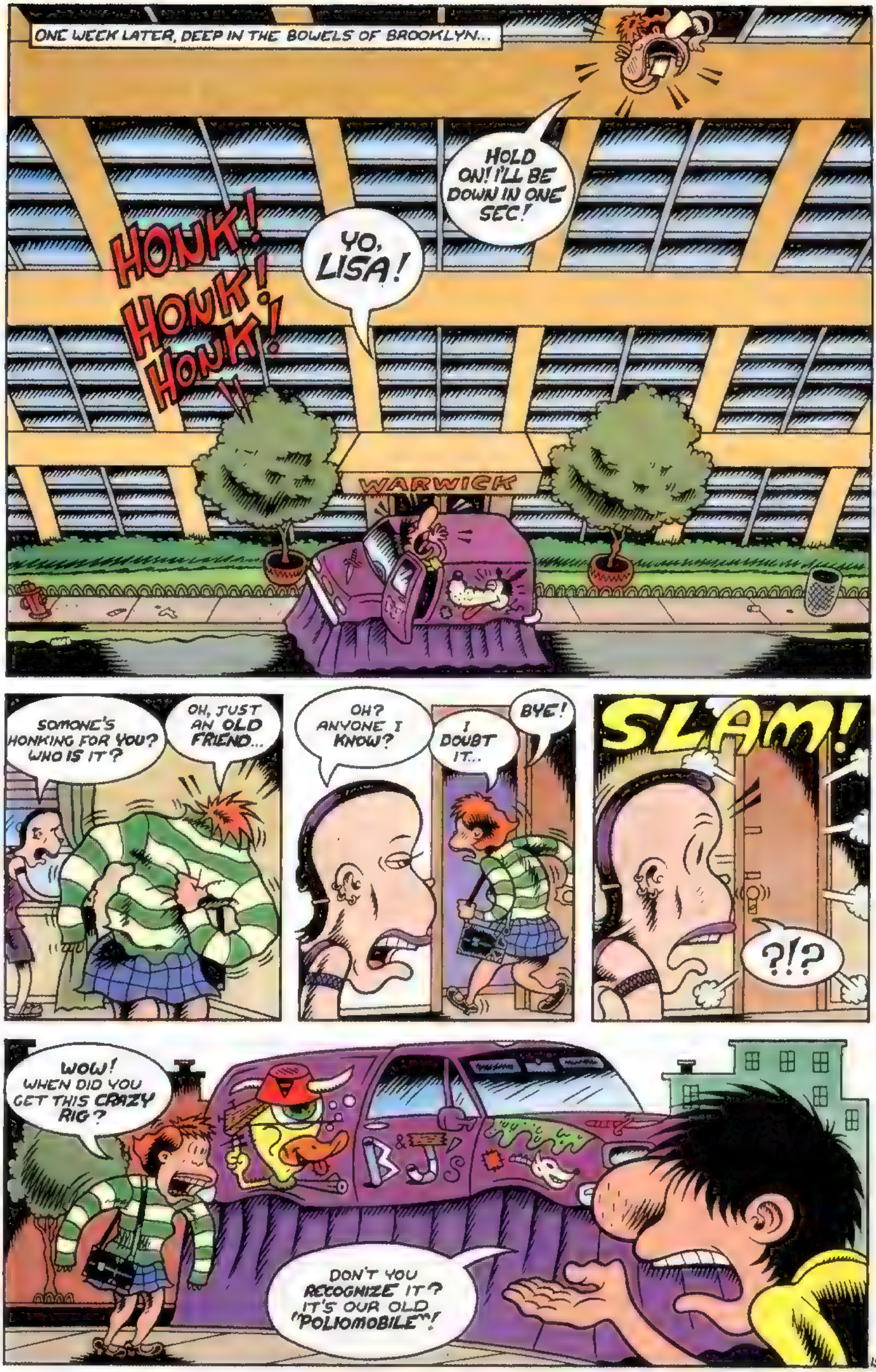
SO, ARE YA HUNGRY? WANNA GO OUT FOR A BITE?
OH, SURE! ...I WISH I WORE A DIFFERENT DRESS, THOUGH...
I FEEL SO SELF-CONSCIOUS IN THIS ONE...
WHY? YOU LOOK FINE TO ME...
BECAUSE IT DOESN'T FIT ME ANYMORE!
IT BARELY COVERS MY ASS!
..ERRR, YEAH... SO I NOTICED.
I KEEP FORGETTING THAT I'M NOT A LITTLE TWIG ANYMORE...
I JUST THREW THIS ON WITHOUT EVEN THINKING ABOUT IT...
BUT ONCE I GOT OUTSIDE ALL THE BUMS ON THE STREET STARTED IN WITH THEIR COMMENTS..
THEY SEEM TO ALL HAVE A THING FOR BIG BUTTS...
HEY, WHO DOESN'T?
THOSE HOBOS JUST SAY WHAT THE REST OF US GUYS ARE ALL THINKING...
THEY SIMPLY HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BY SAYING IT.
EWW! HOW COULD ANYONE BE ATTRACTED TO THIS THING? IT'S OBSCENE!
WELL, I GUESS THAT'S WHY!
..MIND IF I FEEL IT?
-HUH? NO, I GUESS NOT.. GO AHEAD...
..WHOA! IT'S ALL HARD AND RUBBERY!
I KNOW.. TEE-HEE!
I FEEL LIKE I FELL OUT OF A CRUMB COMIC! IT'S GOTTEN SO HUGE...
BOINK! BOINK!
MIND IF I STICK MY HAND UNDER YOUR UNDIES?
..WANNA FEEL YER BUTT FOR REAL...
UMPF... BE MY GUEST...
OH MY GOD... FEELS GOOD...
10 MINUTES LATER...
UGH!
UGH!
UGH!
..OOH YEAH...
HARDER!
UMPF!
OY! PEOPLE!


ONE HOUR LATER...
SO, ARE YOU STILL HUNGRY?
LISA? I—
(OH, OOPS!)
ZZZZZ...
WELL, I'M STARVING...
I WONDER WHAT'S IN THE 'FRIDGE...
ZZZZZ..
BARGE!
HEY, BUDDY! I—
!!
?!?
(SHHH! BE QUIET, YA BIG DUMMY!)
HUH?
OH. SORRY...
(LISA'S STILL ASLEEP!)
ZZZZZ...
—HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S SHE DOING HERE?!
(I SAID SHHH!)
(C'MON. LET'S STEP OUT-SIDE...)
ZZZZZ..
—I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WEREN'T GONNA GET IN-VOLVED WITH HER AGAIN!
SO WHO SAYS THAT I AM?!
WELL IF THAT ISN'T "GETTING TOGETHER" THEN I'M A MONKEY'S UNCLE!
HEY, JUST BECAUSE WE "DID IT" DOESN'T MEAN WE'RE ENGAGED! FOR ALL I KNOW WE MAY NEVER SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN!
SO YOU BETTER START SWINGING FROM THE TREES, "UNC"!
I DUNNO, I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS...
IT DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT TO ME...
BUT I'LL KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT AND MIND MY OWN BUSINESS...
GOOD IDEA. I COULDN'T HAVE SAID IT BETTER MYSELF...
SO WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED, ANYWAY?
OH JEEZ, I CAN'T REMEMBER NOW...
OH WELL, I GUESS IT WASN'T IMPORT-ANT...
(...GOOD NIGHT, STUD! SEE YOU TOMORROW! HEH-HEH!)
WINK
YEAH, YEAH, SEE YA LATER...

SHEESH! WHAT A MEDDLESOME PEST!
AT LEAST HE DIDN'T WAKE UP LISA.
SLAM!
ZZZZ...
NOW LET'S SEE...
AH-HAH! PIZZA! JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED!
mmmm.
Yum yum yum...
..UGH. WHERE AM I?
RISE 'N' SHINE, LI'L SLEEPYHEAD. =MUNCH= =CHEW=
OH MY GOSH, DID I REALLY FALL ASLEEP? HOW WEIRD..
—HEY, WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE EATING?
LEFT-OVER PEPPERONI PIZZA. WANT SOME?
EWWW, NO WAY! IT SMELLS DISGUSTING!
I LOST MY APPETITE, ANYWAY.
SUIT YERSELF =CHOMP!=
GOD, I FEEL SO RELAXED RIGHT NOW. I DON'T FEEL LIKE MOVING AN INCH...
YOU CAN SLEEP OVER IF YOU'D LIKE...
YAWUNN...
REALLY? THAT SOUNDS NICE. BUT I SHOULD PROBABLY GET GOING..
LIZ WOULD FREAK IF I STAYED OUT ALL NIGHT..
HEY, LISA?
YES?
WOULD IT BE OKAY IF I PORKED YOU ONE MORE TIME BEFORE YOU GO?
WHY, CERTAINLY! COME HERE, YOU!
OH BOY!
TEE-HEE!
...Hmmmm... MAYBE I WILL SLEEP OVER...
FEEL
GROPE

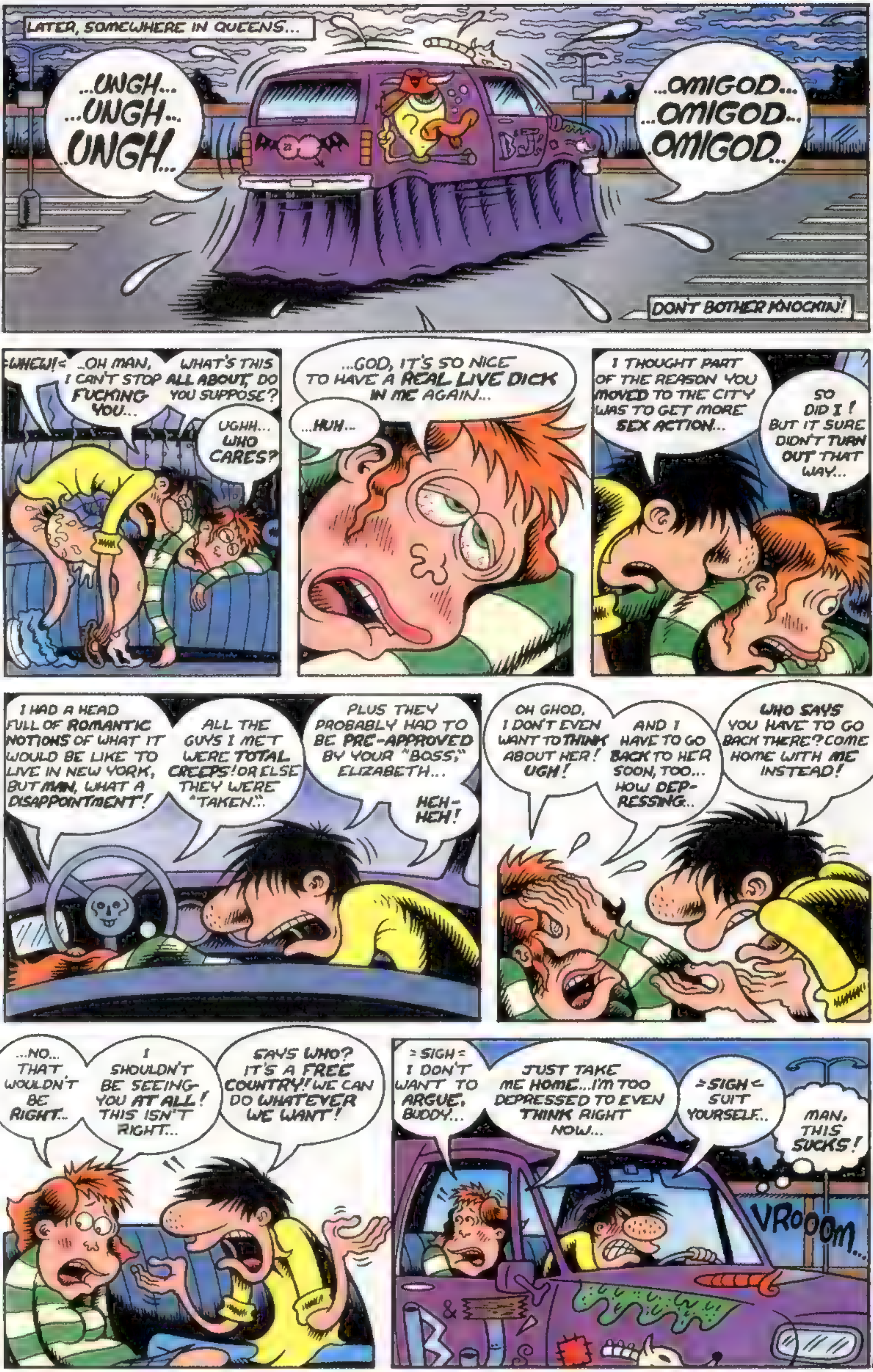
THE NEXT DAY...
KEEP OUT PRIVATE
COMICS COMICS
SO, WHAT HAPPENED WITH YOU 'N' LIZ?
DID SHE HAVE A FIT ABOUT YOU STAYING OUT ALL NIGHT?
OH GOD, BUDDY, YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT...
WHEN I GOT HOME THERE WAS SOME GUY SLEEPING IN OUR BED!
TURNS OUT SHE "SCORED" LAST NIGHT, TOO!
IS THAT A COINCIDENCE OR WHAT?
HMMM... MAYBE IT IS, AND MAYBE IT ISN'T. WHO'S THE GUY?
OH, HE'S THIS ROCKABILLY LOSER NAMED TROY THAT I KNOW SHE'S HAD THE HOTS FOR FOR AGES...
I HAD TO STIFLE A LAUGH WHEN I REALIZED IT WAS HIM LYING THERE...
HA! THAT IS FUNNY...
SO, I GUESS THAT KEPT HER FROM READING YOU THE RIOT ACT, AT LEAST...
I GUESS, THOUGH I'M STILL PICKING UP BAD VIBES FROM HER...
SHE'S TREATING ME LIKE SOME DUMB SLUT, EVEN THOUGH SHE'S GOT THIS GANGLY, TATTOOED PENIS-MAN SNORING AWAY IN THE NEXT ROOM...
MAN! WHAT'S HER PROBLEM?
WHO KNOWS! BUT SHE ALWAYS GETS LIKE THIS — SOMETIMES FOR NO REASON.
YOU NEED TO GET OUT OF THERE, LISA.
TELL ME ABOUT IT! BUT WHERE CAN I GO? I CAN'T AFFORD A PLACE OF MY OWN...
OH. WELL, I, UH...
(UH-OH, I HEAR HER COMING HOME. I'LL TALK TO YOU LATER, OKAY?)
WAIT! WHEN ARE WE GONNA GET TOGETHER AGAIN?!
CLICK! CLACK!
(I DUNNO! SOON, I HOPE!
I'LL CALL YOU, OKAY? BYE!)
CLICK!
BYE...

SO, HOW'S YOUR EX-GIRLFRIEND DOING?
CLICK!
?!?
OH, H-HI, SALLY! I, UH—
DON'T "HI" ME, YA TWO-TIMER!
YOU MUST THINK YOU'RE A REAL STUD, DON'TCHA?
YOUR BROTHER TOLD ME THAT SHE SLEPT OVER HERE LAST NIGHT!
SO I GUESS YOU TWO ARE AN "ITEM" AGAIN, HUH?
I GUESS I'M OUT OF THE PICTURE NOW, HUH?
WHOA! NOW HOLD ON A SEC...
YES, SHE SLEPT OVER, AND NO, WE ARE NOT AN "ITEM"...
AND AS FOR YOU BEING "OUT OF THE PICTURE" I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!
OH YOU DON'T, DON'T YOU?!
I OUGHTA KILL YOU, YOU LITTLE WEASEL—
LUNGE!
ACK! HEY, YOU WERE THE ONE WHO SAID NO "CLINGY STUFF"!!!
"NO BOYFRIEND/GIRLFRIEND STUFF"! THOSE WERE YOUR EXACT WORDS!
THIS IS DIFFERENT!
HOW IS IT DIFFERENT? HMM? EXPLAIN YOURSELF, WOMAN!
I DUNNO.. SNIFF!
IT JUST IS...
OH GREAT, HERE COMES THE WATERWORKS!
LOOK, SALLY, I THOUGHT WE HAD AN AGREEMENT.
FUCK YOU! YOU'RE FULL OF SHIT, YOU KNOW THAT?
I DON'T EVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!
—AND I'M TAKING THIS "BABY SPICE" DOLL WITH ME! SO THERE!
HEY! PUT THAT BACK! THAT'S—
OPEN
SLAM!
...STEALING..
AAH, FORGET IT...
WHAT'S THE USE...



ONE WEEK LATER, DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF BROOKLYN...
HONK! HONK! HONK!
YO, LISA!
HOLD ON! I'LL BE DOWN IN ONE SEC!
WARWICK
SOMONE'S HONKING FOR YOU? WHO IS IT?
OH, JUST AN OLD FRIEND...
OH? ANYONE I KNOW?
I DOUBT IT...
BYE!
SLAM!
?!?
WOW! WHEN DID YOU GET THIS CRAZY RIG?
DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE IT? IT'S OUR OLD "POLIOMOBILE"!

WHA?! BUT, I THOUGHT YOU SOLD THIS THING!
I DID, BUT MY DEADBEAT BROTHER-IN-LAW NEVER COUGHED UP THE $500 HE STILL OWED ME FOR IT, SO I TOOK IT BACK FROM HIM...
IT'S JUST AS WELL, 'CUZ I WAS STARTIN' TO NEED A TRUCK TO HAUL STUFF AROUND IN...
SO I WAS KINDA GLAD TO HAVE IT BACK...
WHOSE IDEA WAS IT TO PUT A DRESS ON IT? YOURS?
NEH-HEH! NAH...
I HIRED THIS CARTOONIST NAMED "KAZ" TO RE-DESIGN IT FOR ME, 'CUZ I WAS SO SICK OF THE OLD PAINT JOB...
HE WENT A LITTLE NUTSY ON ME, BUT OH WELL, WHO CARES, RIGHT?
WELL, I THINK IT LOOKS GREAT!
HE MUST'VE CHARGED YOU A LOT OF MONEY FOR THIS, HUH?
NOPE, NOT A CENT! I PAID HIM IN OLD RECORDS I NEVER WOULD'VE SOLD OTHERWISE...
I WOULDN'T WASTE GOOD MONEY ON SOMETHING AS FRIVOLOUS AS THIS—ARE YOU KIDDING?
OH NO, OF COURSE NOT!...YOU'RE STILL AS CHEAP AS EVER, I SEE...
SO, WHERE DO YOU WANNA GO?
OH, I DON'T CARE, JUST AS LONG AS IT'S FAR AWAY FROM HERE!
HOW ABOUT QUEENS?
QUEENS IT IS, THEN, MY "QUEEN"! YOUR WISH IS MY COMMAND!
TEE-HEE! I FEEL JUST LIKE A PROM QUEEN, BEING ESCORTED TO THE BIG DANCE...
VROOOOM...
...HUH... JUST AS I SUSPECTED...
SHE MUST THINK I'M A MORON...
RUMBLE...

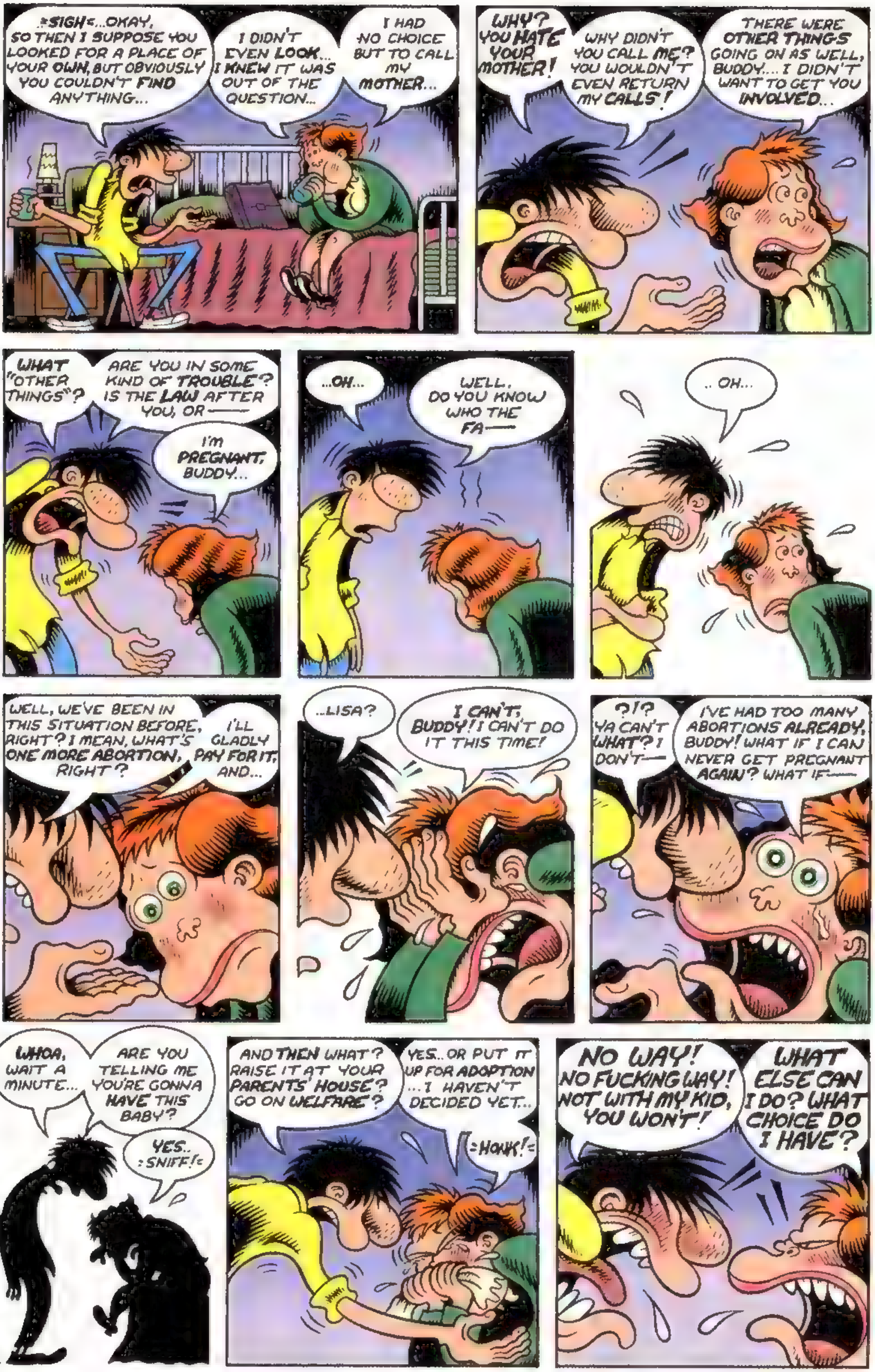

LATER, SOMEWHERE IN QUEENS...
...UNGH... ...UNGH... UNGH...
...OMIGOD... ...OMIGOD... ...OMIGOD...
DON'T BOTHER KNOCKIN'!
=WHEW!=
...OH MAN, I CAN'T STOP FUCKING YOU...
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, DO YOU SUPPOSE?
UGHH... WHO CARES?
...GOD, IT'S SO NICE TO HAVE A REAL LIVE DICK IN ME AGAIN...
...HUH...
I THOUGHT PART OF THE REASON YOU MOVED TO THE CITY WAS TO GET MORE SEX ACTION...
SO DID I! BUT IT SURE DIDN'T TURN OUT THAT WAY...
I HAD A HEAD FULL OF ROMANTIC NOTIONS OF WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO LIVE IN NEW YORK, BUT MAN, WHAT A DISAPPOINTMENT!
ALL THE GUYS I MET WERE TOTAL CREEPS! OR ELSE THEY WERE "TAKEN."
PLUS THEY PROBABLY HAD TO BE PRE-APPROVED BY YOUR "BOSS," ELIZABETH...
HEH-HEH!
OH GHOD, I DON'T EVEN WANT TO THINK ABOUT HER! UGH!
AND I HAVE TO GO BACK TO HER SOON, TOO... HOW DEP-RESSING...
WHO SAYS YOU HAVE TO GO BACK THERE? COME HOME WITH ME INSTEAD!
...NO... THAT WOULDN'T BE RIGHT...
I SHOULDN'T BE SEEING YOU AT ALL! THIS ISN'T RIGHT...
SAYS WHO? IT'S A FREE COUNTRY! WE CAN DO WHATEVER WE WANT!
=SIGH= I DON'T WANT TO ARGUE, BUDDY...
JUST TAKE ME HOME... I'M TOO DEPRESSED TO EVEN THINK RIGHT NOW...
=SIGH= SUIT YOURSELF...
MAN, THIS SUCKS!
VROOOM...

2 WEEKS LATER...
FOR RENT
I DUNNO, BUDDY...
I'M NOT SURE I APPROVE OF WHAT YOU DID TO THIS TRUCK...
WHY? WHAT'S WRONG WITH IT?
COLLECTOR'S EMPORIUM
WELL, IT'S WEARING A DRESS, FOR ONE THING...
THAT'S RIGHT! IT'S IN "DRAG"! BUDDY'S GOIN' DRAGGIN' IN DRAG!
HAW!
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK IT'S A BOY TRUCK? MAYBE IT'S A GIRL!
WAH? NO WAY! OF COURSE IT'S A BOY!
ALL TRUCKS ARE BOYS! EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT!
?!? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
WHOA. HOLD ON A SEC...
...BEFORE I FORGET, THERE WAS SOMETHING IMPORTANT WE WANTED TO ASK YOU ABOUT, BUDDY...
OH? WHAT'S THAT?
YOUR BROTHER HERE SAYS YOU'VE BEEN HANGIN' WITH THAT OLD GAL PAL OF YOURS — WHAT'S HER NAME?
LISA.
YEAH, LISA AGAIN...
YEAH, SO? WHAT'S IT TO YOU? YOU GOT SOMETHING AGAINST HER?
THIS AIN'T ABOUT HER, BUDDY. JUST HEAR US OUT...

IT'S JUST THAT...WELL, WE KNOW THAT THE TWO OF YOU GO WAY BACK TO YOUR SEATTLE DAYS...
...BACK TO WHEN YOU LIVED WITH STINKY...
WILL YOU GET TO THE POINT?!
THE POINT IS THAT WE WERE ALL WONDERING IF YOU MAY HAVE TOLD HER WHAT HAPPENED TO STINKY...
(AND, YOU KNOW, WHAT WE DID WITH HIS BODY)...
?!? ARE YOU NUTS?!
OF COURSE I DIDN'T TELL HER! WHY WOULD I TELL ANYBODY ABOUT THAT?
DO YOU THINK I WANT TO GO TO PRISON?
(SHHH! KEEP IT DOWN, WILL YA?)
NOBODY'S ACCUSING YOU OF ANYTHING...
WE JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE THAT NOBODY ELSE EVER FINDS OUT, IS ALL...
HA! LOOK WHO'S TALKING!
WHAT ABOUT THE TIME YOU GOT DRUNK AND STARTED BLABBING THE WHOLE STORY TO MY WIFE?!
YOU WHAT?
BUT, THAT WAS YOUR WIFE! I FIGURED SHE HAD TO KNOW!
I DON'T TELL MY WIFE ANYTHING! WHY WOULD I TELL HER ABOUT THAT?
NICE GOING, BUTCH!
I-YI-YI...
ANYHOW, NO HARM WAS DONE...
I TOLD HER THAT BUTCH MADE IT ALL UP—THAT HE WAS TRIPPIN' AT THE TIME...
I THINK SHE BOUGHT IT...
MAN, SHE BETTER HAVE...
WE DON'T MEAN TO PUT YOU ON THE SPOT, BUDDY...WE JUST HAVE TO MAKE SURE THIS KEEPS QUIET, FOR ALL OUR SAKES...
THAT'S RIGHT!
I KNOW... I HEAR YA...
AFTER ALL, THIS IS SOMETHING THAT'S GONNA BIND THE FOUR OF US TOGETHER FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES, AND WE ALL NEED TO REMEMBER THAT...
OH GOD, HOW COULD I FORGET?

HEY, WHO WANTS TO GO TO "BUSTERS" WITH ME? KNICKS ARE HOSTING THE LAKERS...
COUNT ME OUT. I'VE GOT A DATE...
SOUNDS GOOD TO ME...
WHAT? A "DATE"?
WITH A GIRL? WHO IS SHE?
OOPS!
WELL, I DIDN'T WANT TO SAY, 'CUZ BUDDY'LL PROBABLY BE SORE WITH ME, BUT I'VE BEEN SEEING SALLY FROM STARBUCKS...
?!? SALLY? MY SALLY? SINCE WHEN?!
UH-OH...
I SMELL TROUBLE. HEH-HEH...
ABOUT TWO WEEKS... THIS IS OUR THIRD DATE...
I SUPPOSE YOU HATE ME NOW, HUH?
NAH, I DON'T HATE YA...
THE TRUTH IS SHE HATES ME, SO WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE?
A-REALLY? >WHEW!< THAT'S A RELIEF! I WAS AFRAID YOU WERE GONNA FIRE ME!
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS! YOU KIDS GO OUT AND HAVE A CRAZY GOOD TIME! YOU HAVE MY BLESSING!
HEY! WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?
HE'S TREADING ON YOUR TURF, BUDDY!
OH, PISH-POSH!
IN FACT, I'LL GIVE YOU A LITTLE TIP, JUST IN CASE YOU SHOULD "GET LUCKY" TONIGHT...
REALLY? WHAT'S THAT?
OOH, I GOTTA HEAR THIS...
WELL, WHENEVER SHE AND I WOULD BE GETTIN' IT ON, I USED TO WHISPER SOMETHING INTO HER EAR THAT NEVER FAILED TO DRIVE HER WILD...
WHAT? WHAT?
TELL ME! TELL ME!
...(I'D TELL HER ALL ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO STINKY)...
?!?
?!?
HA! HA! GOTCHA!
WHY YOU...
THAT'S NOT FUNNY!
LET'S KICK HIS ASS!
BAM!
POW!

WEEKS LATER...
HELLO THERE, MR. SHOP-KEEPER, SIR!
CL
?!? LISA?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
OH, I JUST STOPPED BY TO SAY HELLO...
..AND GOODBYE...
HELP WANTED
"GOODBYE"? WHY? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I'M GOING BACK TO SEATTLE NEXT WEEK TO LIVE WITH MY PARENTS...
WHAT?! ARE YOU SERIOUS?
YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS!
WHAT BROUGHT THIS ON?
›SIGH‹... IT'S A LONG STORY...
WELL, COME ON IN AND HAVE A SEAT, 'CUZ I WANNA HEAR ALL ABOUT IT...
AND DON'T LEAVE OUT A SINGLE DETAIL...
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT...
5 MINUTES LATER...
HERE YA GO...
NOW START FROM THE BEGINNING...
WELL, REMEMBER THE DAY YOU AND I DROVE OUT TO QUEENS?
OF COURSE I REMEMBER! THAT WAS THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU!
WELL, AFTER YOU DROPPED ME OFF LIZ TOLD ME I HAD TO MOVE OUT BY THE END OF THE MONTH...
SHE WHAT? WHY, THAT BITCH! WHAT REASON DID SHE GIVE YOU?
IT WAS BECAUSE OF YOU... SHE SAID SHE COULDN'T TRUST ME ANYMORE... THAT I WASN'T HONEST WITH HER...
OH, GIMME A BREAK! WHAT BUSINESS IS IT OF HERS, ANYWAY?
I'LL KICK HER BONEY LITTLE ASS ALL THE WAY FROM HERE TO NEXT TUESDAY...
WELL, SHE'S RIGHT ABOUT ME NOT BEING STRAIGHT WITH HER...
IT WAS INEVITABLE, ANYWAY...
I COULDN'T HAVE STAYED THERE ANY LONGER...



=SIGH=...OKAY, SO THEN I SUPPOSE YOU LOOKED FOR A PLACE OF YOUR OWN, BUT OBVIOUSLY YOU COULDN'T FIND ANYTHING...
I DIDN'T EVEN LOOK... I KNEW IT WAS OUT OF THE QUESTION...
I HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO CALL MY MOTHER...
WHY? YOU HATE YOUR MOTHER!
WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL ME? YOU WOULDN'T EVEN RETURN MY CALLS!
THERE WERE OTHER THINGS GOING ON AS WELL, BUDDY... I DIDN'T WANT TO GET YOU INVOLVED...
WHAT "OTHER THINGS"?
ARE YOU IN SOME KIND OF TROUBLE? IS THE LAW AFTER YOU, OR —
I'M PREGNANT, BUDDY...
...OH...
WELL, DO YOU KNOW WHO THE FA—
.. OH...
WELL, WE'VE BEEN IN THIS SITUATION BEFORE, RIGHT? I MEAN, WHAT'S ONE MORE ABORTION, RIGHT?
I'LL GLADLY PAY FOR IT, AND...
..LISA?
I CAN'T, BUDDY! I CAN'T DO IT THIS TIME!
?!? YA CAN'T WHAT? I DON'T—
I'VE HAD TOO MANY ABORTIONS ALREADY, BUDDY! WHAT IF I CAN NEVER GET PREGNANT AGAIN? WHAT IF—
WHOA, WAIT A MINUTE...
ARE YOU TELLING ME YOU'RE GONNA HAVE THIS BABY?
YES.. =SNIFF!=
AND THEN WHAT? RAISE IT AT YOUR PARENTS' HOUSE? GO ON WELFARE?
YES...OR PUT IT UP FOR ADOPTION ...I HAVEN'T DECIDED YET...
=HONK!=
NO WAY! NO FUCKING WAY! NOT WITH MY KID, YOU WON'T!
WHAT ELSE CAN I DO? WHAT CHOICE DO I HAVE?

THAT'S EASY! YOU'LL STAY HERE, WE'LL GET MARRIED AND RAISE THE BABY TOGETHER!
WHAT?! ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? WE'LL DRIVE EACH OTHER CRAZY!
TOO LATE FOR THAT. WE BOTH ALREADY ARE CRAZY...
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE KID? IT'LL BE TOTALLY FUCKED-UP!
SO THERE'LL BE ONE MORE FUCKED-UP PERSON IN THE WORLD! WHO'S GONNA EVEN NOTICE?
OH, JEEZ, BUDDY... I DUNNO...
I CAN'T HELP THINKING THAT YOU'LL WIND UP HATING ME...
THAT YOU'LL THINK I TRICKED YOU INTO MARRYING ME...
THAT I GOT PREGNANT ON PURPOSE...
SO WHAT IF YOU DID? IT'S NOT LIKE I HAD ANYTHING BETTER TO DO...
IT'S PERFECT TIMING, IF YOU ASK ME...
I WAS GONNA JUST SPLIT FOR SEATTLE WITHOUT EVEN TELLING YOU, BUT I COULDN'T, I...
...I FELT LIKE YOU AT LEAST HAD THE RIGHT TO KNOW...
THAT'S RIGHT! AND I'M GLAD YOU DID TELL ME...
SO, IT'S ALL SETTLED, THEN!
WHAT IS? WHAT'S ALL SETTLED?
WHY, THAT WE'RE GETTING MARRIED, OF COURSE!
IS IT? I MEAN, THIS SURE DOESN'T FEEL VERY ROMAN-TIC...
...OH..
...HOLD ON THEN... =GRUNT=
?
LISA, WILL YOU MARRY ME?
OH, ALL RIGHT... TEE-HEE!
I WAS WAITING FOR YOU TO DO THAT...
KICK! KICK!

EPILOGUE...
...SO, WHERE ARE WE GONNA LIVE?
WHADAYA MEAN? WE'LL LIVE RIGHT HERE!
IN THIS DUMP? YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING!
HMMM... I GUESS IT IS PRETTY SMALL, ISN'T IT...
Y'KNOW, ONE OF THE APARTMENTS UPSTAIRS WILL SOON BE VACANT...
IT'S A 2-BEDROOM, AND IT'S PRETTY NICE...
COULD WE AFFORD IT?
SURE, I THINK SO...
I NETTED OVER $20,000 LAST YEAR—NOT EXACTLY A KING'S RANSOM, BUT THINGS ARE DEFINITELY LOOKING UP FOR ME, BUSINESS-WISE...
SO WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO BE A "STAY-AT-HOME-MOM"? ...YAWN...
WELL, WE COULD TAKE TURNS WATCHING THE KID, AS LONG AS YOU DON'T MIND MINDING THE SHOP NOW 'N' THEN...
THAT'LL HELP KEEP BOTH OF US FROM GETTING TOO BORED...
IT'LL BE LIKE AN OLD-FASHIONED "MOM+POP SHOP," HUH?
THAT'S RIGHT! AND BABY MAKES THREE!
WE'LL BE LIVING THE AMERICAN DREAM!!!
:GIGGLE!:
GRRRR!
EEEK!
LEAP!
...HEY LISA, IS IT SAFE FOR ME TO PORK YOU WHILE YOU'RE PREGNANT? IT WON'T HURT THE BABY, WOULD IT?
OF COURSE IT'S SAFE, SILLY! I—
—OW!
?!? WHAT'S THE MATTER? ARE YOU OKAY?
I'M FINE, EXCEPT I GOT JABBED IN THE BACK BY THIS LITTLE PIECE OF METAL...
REALLY? LET ME SEE...
...WOW, LISA! I THINK THIS IS A GOOD OMEN...
IT IS? WHY? WHAT IS IT?
...WHY, IT'S A MAGIC WHISTLE!
THE END!

EXCEPTIONAL CREATOR APPEARANCES

Peter, good luck in your future endeavors.
Ilia & Gaston

C o n t i n u e

Chester Brown
Julie Doucet
Joe Matt
Joe Sacco

Drawn & Quarterly's 1st North American Group Art Show & Signing

Seth Signing Saturday, August 8th 4–7pm

Adrian Tomine Show August 9th thru Sept 6th

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Write to Peter Bagge c/o Fantagraphics, 7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle, WA, 98115. Email: emailbag@scn.org, or: BaggeHate1@aol.com. (Please note the "1" at the end of "Baggehate"... It's a long story...)

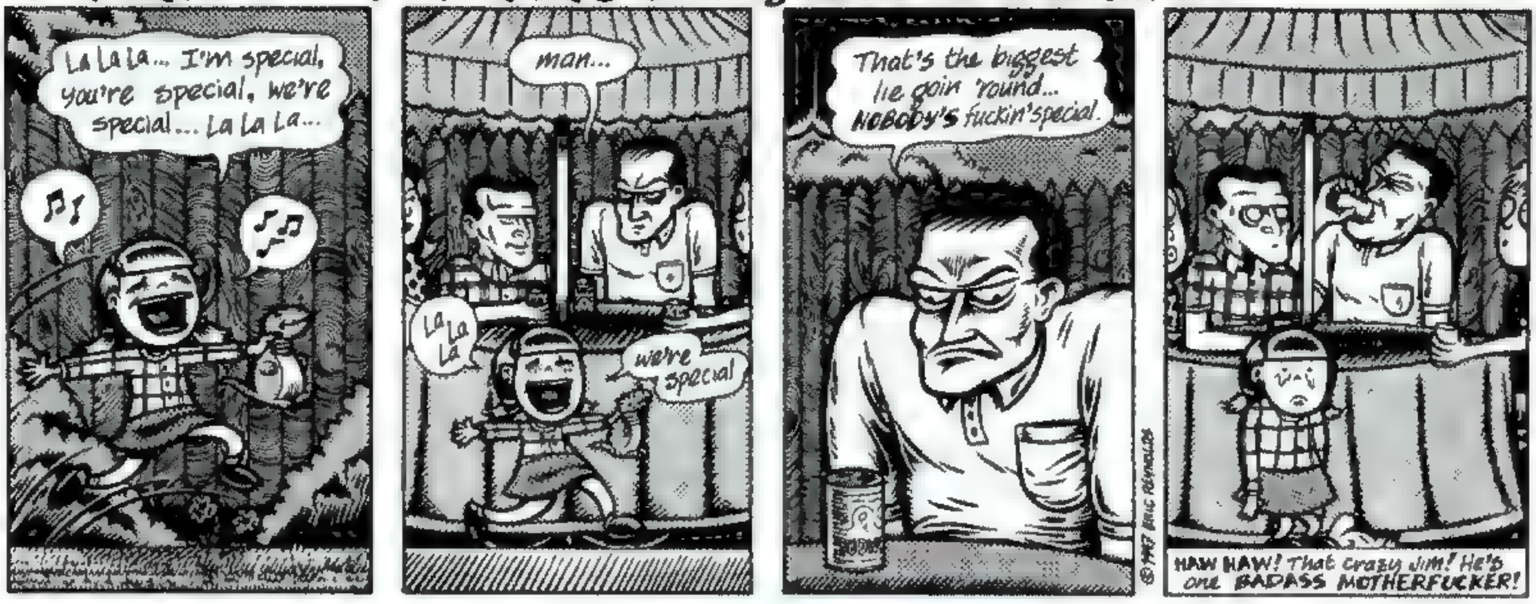
Yes, this is the last issue of HATE. Why? Well, I, uh... Jeez, that's a good question... Because I'm a SELF-DESTRUCTIVE FOOL, that's why! No, seriously, it just seemed like it was time to move on to something else, whether that means a new title or who knows what... I always promised myself NOT to get tied to the same title or character for the rest of my life, so now seems as good a time as any to "pull the plug." This mainly means no more stories featuring Buddy Bradley and his "gang," not for a while, at least. HATE = Buddy, Buddy = HATE. To my mind it does, anyway, although recently Art Spiegelman kept telling me that throwing away the name "Hate" and its decade-long accumulation of name-recognition was a big mistake, and that I should stick with it regardless of the content. Technically he's right, of course, but rather than heed his words I just wrote a story for this issue which illustrates his point instead (see "What's In A Name?," which might as well be sub-titled "Peter Bagge is an Idiot").

And it's not that I ran out of ideas for Buddy, either. Far from it! I just feel like I need to force myself to try other things just to keep things "fresh" and "challenging"... I need to exercise my "creative muscles," as they say, while my poor family starves to death and wonders what in the heck I'm doing... You know what I mean, don't you? You all dig where I'm coming from, right? You do? Well then explain it to me when you get the chance, 'cuz I really have NO clear idea WHAT I'll be doing next, other than it being "something different"... For all I know it'll be the most worthless piece of shit anyone's ever seen in their lives... Hey, now THERE'S a thought: I'll *challenge* myself to make the *Worst Comic Book Ever!* Then when everyone points out what a piece of crap it is I can hold my head up high and proudly boast: "That's right! That's what I was STRIVING for! Glad to see I succeeded!" Ugh... Or maybe I'll just totally chicken out and put out HATE #31 three months from now, and smugly proclaim that this was all just an elaborate "prank" — and you all fell for it! AHAHAHAHAHA! If anyone dares to point out the *total lameness* of such a move, I'll just say: "Hey! Why don't you just admit that I TOTALLY FUCKED WITH YOUR HEAD, and that you can't handle it, *Ma-an!*" (Oh brother, I'm making myself sick ovah heah)...

You wanna know what really sounds good to me? DRIVING A DELIVERY TRUCK! Now, I realize that this falls under the category of the grass-always-being-greener etc., etc., but whenever a Fed-Ex or UPS person comes to my door I always fantasize about trading places with them. *I* wanna be the one who gets to drive around all day, goddammit! Once years ago this young, long-haired stoner dude was delivering a pizza to my house, and he goes "Hey, are you the guy that does HATE?" When I said yes, he replied: "Cool!" For all I know that guy is a millionaire rock star by now, and just think! Someday *I* may be delivering a pizza to *his* house! Now *that* would be "cool"! "Two large pizzas with anchovies, and a Diet Coke"... Yeah, I think I could handle that! In fact, sometimes I think that's ALL my overwrought brain could handle any more...

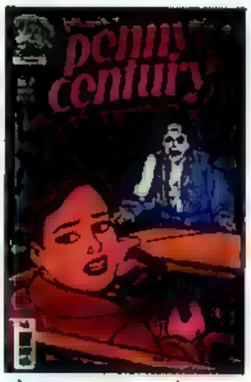
But before I commence on my pizza delivering career, there will some upcoming Bagge "Art" sightings for all of you to look for later this year, such as: A 4-page comic in the July issue of everyone's favorite magazine, DETAILS; an illustrated song booklet designed to

BACKYARD FUNNIES Starring HANNAH BAGGE and JIM BLANCHARD



accompany a collection of some of my all-time favorite recordings (due out this fall from EMI/UK); the cover and a comic strip for Queen Itchie's Spice Girls Tribute magazine, tentatively titled "SPICERACK," due out this fall from good ol' Fantagraphics; and last but not least, a HATE Tribute Magazine, tentatively titled "HATE JAMBOREE!," that is due out by year's end, and is guaranteed to be chock full of, well... er, uh... Stuff! You people are into *stuff*, ain't-cha? Well, then stop complaining! Be grateful for whatever meager morsels I give ya! Oh, there also will be a touching, Barbara Walters-style interview with me in the current issue of Mary Burt's **Sad** ($3.00, 11693 San Vicente Blvd, Suite 515, LA, CA, 90049 — All of you on-line-types should also "subscribe" to Mary's email zine, "Pain Perdu," at sadmag@aol.com), as well as a kick-ass feature interview with yours truly in this July's issue of *The Comics Journal*, conducted by the one and only Gary Groth, in which be both give the entire comics industry — nay, the entire *WORLD* — what for! Ooh, we're so tough! A couple of *rough tough cream puffs* is what we are... Meanwhile, here's what you ought to be reading RIGHT NOW...

Luba is the latest new series from Gilbert Hernandez (why he stopped doing *NEW LOVE* —which was my *favorite* current *comic book* — is beyond me, but then I should talk!), and just as one would imagine, it's totally terrific. The same goes for Brother Jaime's new title, **Penny Century**, which kicks hiney in every way imaginable. The one good thing about these two guys constantly coming out with new titles is that I get to plug them over and over again! What can I say 'cept they're two of the all-time greats, and they both keep getting better (both titles are $2.95, from Fantagraphics)...



Drawn & Quarterly has just released **Soba**, the first in a series of "Stories from Bosnia" by our favorite war junkie Joe "Scoop" Sacco. Traveling to the worst places on Earth always gives Joe's work an extra added poignancy and depth that you sure ain't gonna find in most other comic books, but he always manages to crack me up as well, no matter how grim the setting. I was in a really bad mood the day I started to read this thing, yet I wound up *laughing my ass off* at certain parts of it! Thanks for the yucks, Joe! Where to next for more guffaws? *Rwanda?* ($3.95 from D&Q — or you can order it from the Fantagraphics catalog bound into this issue)... For those of you with deeper pockets and dirtier minds, might I suggest **Dirty Stories** ($12.95, Fant.), a hefty volume of ribald tales edited by HATE contributor Eric Reynolds, and featuring work by many other HATE-sters, including yours truly, as well as just about every other alternative cartoonist you could think of. The title says it all, so buy it! You know you want it, *Pig!* ... Another hefty volume well worth its $18.95 cover price is **Vellevision** (published by Drawn & Quarterly), an impressive collection of comics and drawings by illustrator extraordinary Maurice Vellekoop. Most of Maurice's cartooning work has an overtly *gay* theme — *which is exactly why you should buy it!* Plus the hand-colored artwork reprinted in here is top-notch. Great stuff!

The Wiggly Reader ($2.95 from Fontanelle Press, 438 Court St, Suite 103, Brooklyn, NY, 11229), is a great new standard-format self-published title by Xeric Grant winner John Kerschbaum, an accomplished illustrator with a morbid, vicious sense of humor. (His work reminds me *a lot* of my old compadre Ken Weiner's comics!) Two issues are out already, with hopefully lots more to come... A less fancy — as in digest-sized and photocopied — self-

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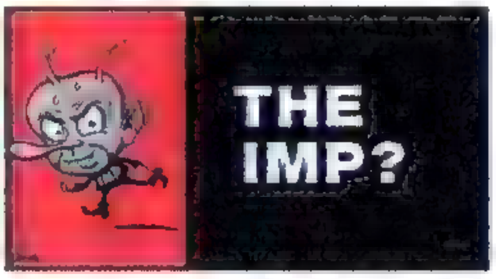
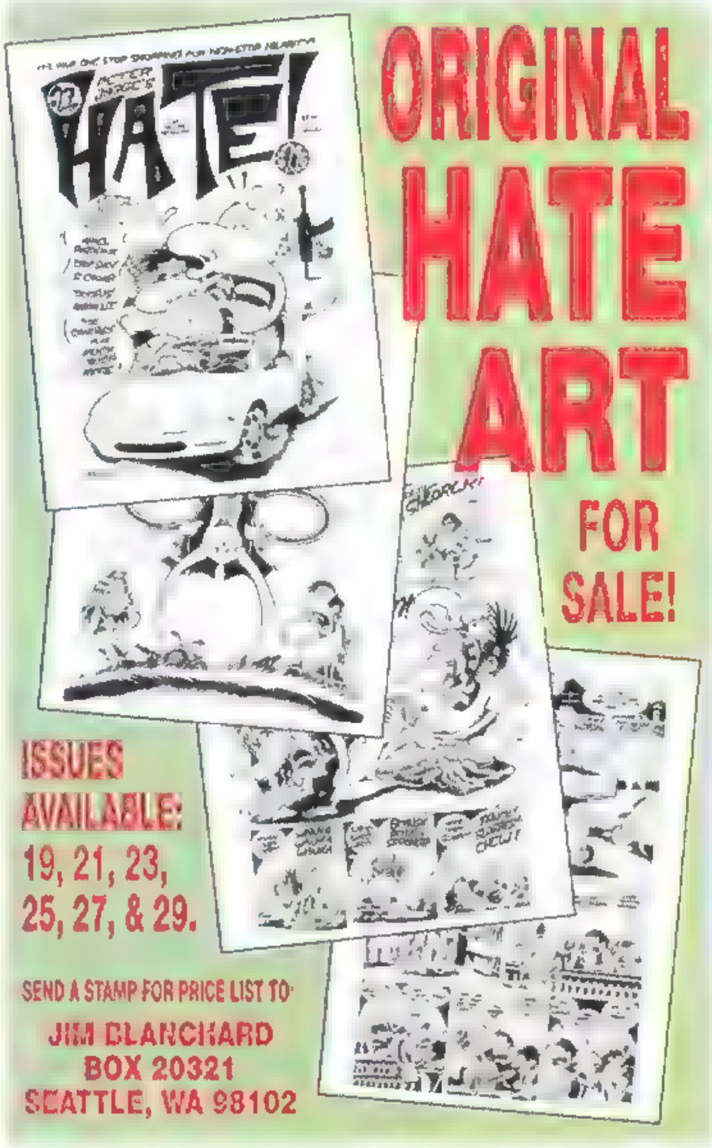
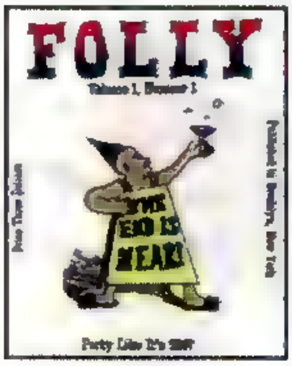
published comic is **Small Stories** by Derek Kirk ($1.50 from Bottom Line Press, Box 541, Pacifica, CA, 94044). This first issue, subtitled "Boys," is a collection of professionally rendered slice-of-life stories similar in approach and appeal to *OPTIC NERVE*. It also includes a collaboration with Derek's younger brother Brent Kirk, who has done several nice auto-bio minis of his own... And even *less* fancy but every bit as engaging is **Kram,** by Mark Way ($2.00, 800-D Walker Ave, Greensboro, NC, 27403). Mark's crudely realistic drawings remind me of early Justin Green or Raymond Pettibon, and his writing shows similar promise, in that it he also shares a similar existential *angst* as those two artists, the poor guy. I hope he does more work, since I liked this thing a lot!... And way down at the bottom of the mini-comic food-chain we find the rudest, crudest and BEST self-pubbed mini of them all: **Nuggets** by Donna Mathis (three issues, $2.00 ea., 5501 University Way NE, Apt. C, Seattle, WA, 98105). While many solid contributors contribute to this thing, the gems contained herein are Donna's own super-simple attempts at illustrating her own diary entries, as well as her collaborations and contributions from her equally talented sister Kerrie. Order now, and be prepared to be drawn in to their Low-Rent Hippie World-View. Fascinating stuff!



In the world of Fanzines, Mr. Dan Raeburn strikes again with yet another amazing issue of **The Imp**, and this time the sole subject matter is an excellent critique/summery/bibliography on the work of the Cartoonist/Fundamentalist/Tract King Jack T. Chick (part of which was excerpted in the recent "comix" issue of *BEN IS DEAD)*. While understandably feeling the need to distance himself from the content of Chick's omnipresent religious tracts — something I think we would have all taken for granted — Dan does a great job of giving this powerful and effective communicator his due. Great production job, too. A must-have item! ($5.00 to: 1454 W. Summerdale 2C, Chicago, Ill, 60640). On the same exact subject is Bob Fowler's **The History of the World According to Jack T. Chick**, a less polished yet more thorough reference guide to every Chick tract and comic book ever published! This thing is like an *Overstreet Price Guide* without the prices — But where does one go to find out what a mint condition first printing of "This Was Your Life" goes for anyway? (Send — I think — $5 to: 354 Caliente Circle, San Leandro, CA, 94578.) I'm also willing to plug this thing in spite of the fact that Mr. Fowler accused me of "nepotism." *Hey, the truth hurts, Bob! Ouch!...* Does anybody here remember *I LIKE COMICS?* Yeah, I like to take all the credit for that little masterpiece, but the *real* "mastermind" behind that lunatic fanzine was a little genius named Helena Harvilicz, who's back in action with a terrific new zine of her own entitled **Nut Magnet**, which is theoretically based on the premise: "Why are crazy people so attracted to ME?" Hmmmm... I wonder... Amongst the crazy people whom Helena's attracted to contribute to this mag are Kaz, Gary Leib, Danny Hellman, Selwyn Harris, Sam (*"Magic Whistle"!*) Henderson, Wayno, etc., etc.... And it features a cover and comic strip by her roommate, "Maakies"



creator Tony Millionaire. The highlight of this issue, however, are the reprinted "love letters" to the Editor Herself. WHOOOWEE! Here's hoping she's still getting letters from nutty "suitors," so's the rest of us can look forward to more issues of this fine publication! (Send $3.00 to Makeshift Media, 250 Washington Ave, Apt. A1, Brooklyn, NY, 11205)... Also hailing from Brooklyn, and also featuring several of the same illustrious contributors, is **Folly** ($3.00, 754 Manhattan Ave, Suite 12, 11222), a "history" magazine by Kerry McLaughlin, who some of you may remember as the co-guest editor of the "Girls and Horses" issue of ROLLERDERBY a few years back. Kerry's take on "history," however, is a weird mixture of the nerdy and the prurient, with features on AOL "Chatroom" Dragon-Slayers to, well, the sexual fantasies of AOL Chatroom Dragon-Slayers. In other words, this is the shit! Get an education and laugh your ass off at the same time by ordering NOW!... I also must make a belated mention of **KUTIE**, Hank Trotter's ode to men's magazines of the '50s. Issue #3 just came out, and it's a Doozy — looks like ol' Hanky-Panky's on to something BIG here! So if you've ever wondered what all the 20-something women of Seattle look like in their unmentionables, you came to the right place! Plus, this mag features some rare gag panels by an old forgotten cartoonist named "Bago," who really was a real guy who lived way back when, I swear!...



Before I forget, I'd like to thank Yvette Kaplan, Anne Bernstein, David McGrath, Abby Terkuhle and everyone else at MTV Animation, as well as Aaron Lee, Terry Zwigoff, Albert Berger, Ron Yerxa, Mike Judge, Brian Doherty, Dana Gould, Rhea Patton, Eric Reynolds, Kim Thompson, Gary Groth, and especially Jim Blanchard for all being such true-blue troopers. I'd also like to give an extra super-duper special thanks to JOANNE BAGGE for the excellent unsung coloring job! Kudos, Woman!

And now for some letters...

Mr. Bagge,

I just want you to know that not all HATE readers are like those in the letter columns. I like HATE because it does a very good job of showing what life is like, even if you focus only on the *psychotic* side of life. However, I also:

1) Read a few DC Comics
2) Go to church
3) *Very rarely* curse
4) Don't drink
5) Don't smoke
6) I *like* Corporate America. It rewards achievement (sometimes). Most HATE letter writers seem to be waiting for a system that will reward rebellion and counter-culture views. Give it up! It isn't going to happen! (And it shouldn't).
7) Vote almost exclusively Republican (especially Pro-Life!).
8) My favorite rock group is The Beatles. I even like Oasis!

And to think, I even shell out $2.95 an issue for HATE, and there's nothing anyone can do about it! So I figure right now Pete is either mad that a reader like me exists, or he's glad that I pay $2.95 per issue, and that makes up for all my "shortcomings."

David Rais,
Colorado Springs, CO

PS: No, I do not consider myself to be better than you.

Dear Sir,

I like your comic a lot, but I got two gripes.

Gripe #1: Put it out more often! Can't you hire another inker or something? You'll make more money that way, you sell-out.

Gripe #2: Don't you think you're going to lose a big part of your readership when the comic is mainly about a not-so-young man who seems destined to settle down with a wife and kids and shit? It seems to me that that's the direction it's going in and I'm worried about it. It won't be fun for the kids any more. (And killing Stinky — arrrgh, how could you?!)

And speaking of kids, did you get paid a million bucks for HATE's appearance in that movie "Kids"? *[No, I paid THEM a million bucks. —PB]*

Simon Petersen,
Copenhagen, Denmark

Holy Mackerel! HATE # 29 was a classic. What hi-jinx! What buffoonery! Plus Buddy gets it on with two — count 'em, *TWO* — girls! I was afraid that Buddy and Lisa would get back together for an "old-times-sake" session, for a second there, but I'm glad to see that her craziness was only a cameo. Keep it that way! *[Uhhh... —PB]* As far as I'm concerned she is a comedy killer! *[Er, I, uh... —PB]* Aside from that, this was the best issue of HATE in quite a while. Keep it up! *[Umm... well, you see, I, uh... —PB]*

King Lou,
NYC, NY

Man! That Buddy sure has it going on! First he has a date with that brunette, then he has hot sex with an aerobicized Asian girl, then he (in a moment of supreme dude-itude) ditches her in a restaurant and crawls through the sludge to have a night of wild sex with that tall girl! Outtasite! Buddy the Swinger!

Just think, a few issues ago he was a docile, domesticated, burrito-eating recliner-jockey, and now he's a he-man lady-killer! Now this is more like it, Mr. Bagge. HATE has never been more out-

rageous than it is now. I don't know how realistic it is, but what the hell? It works for me!

Michael C. McClelland,
Hollywood, CA

HATE #29 is the funniest comic I've read in a *long* time! Nicole is a brilliant character! Man, is she fucked up, and I have had unfortunately encountered many women with similar psychotic characteristics. Her combination of authoritarianism with a pathetic need to please is fascinating. Why won't she show her body, though? Does she have a hideous scar or birthmark? Will we ever find out? *[No. —PB]*

I don't really expect every issue to be a knee-slapper, though, since life's like that anyway. As Richard Hell would say about love, it "comes in spurts." But you really outdid yourself this time. Congratulations!

David Arnson,
L.A., CA

PS: "Doofus" is some killer sick shit!

*And finally, what better way to end the last (*Sob!*) HATE letters section than with a missive from my all-time favorite letter writer:*

Dear Peter Bagge,

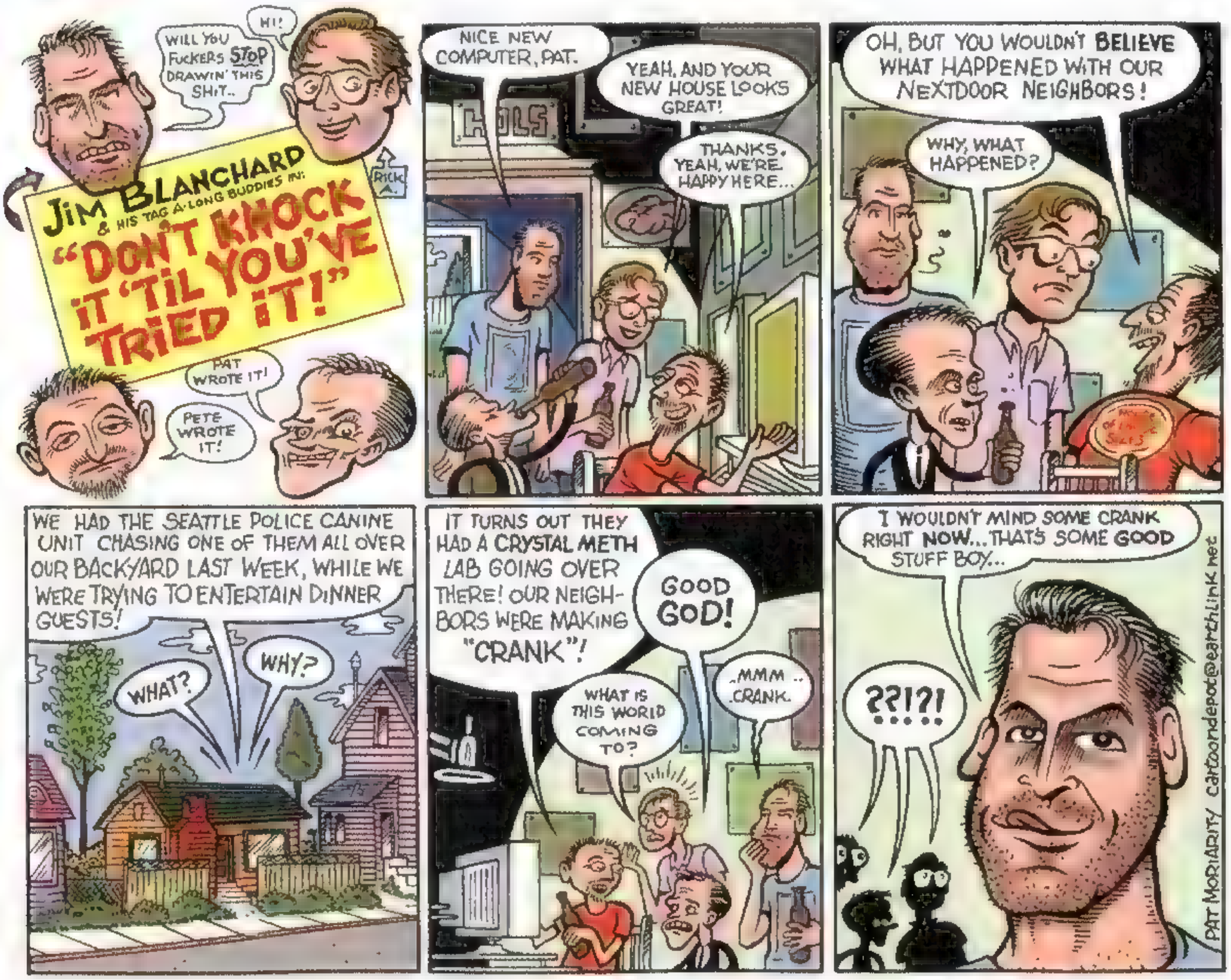
I heard that your HATE series will end with issue #30. I was surprised and upset, but maybe you'd had enough of HATE. Maybe you want to get on to another project, one where you'll make some real money.

Still, I'm sad that I won't see some characters continue their antics much longer. Lisa may never experience the ultimate degradation of her life — whatever that would be (I've been hoping for some tremendous sexual humiliation for her).

Butch may never be seen doing much with a girlfriend. We won't get to see what will become of Babs' kids. Ma with a 2nd husband — How would that have worked out? And I guess Buddy will never fuck that wholesome, corn-fed gal that he was so in love with back in HATE # 23 *[That IS kinda sad, isn't it? —PB]*. Buddy Bradley — how will he end up?

If HATE does have to end, all I can say is it's been a wonderful show. I feel that you've taken some low points of the human condition and used them to create something sort of enchanting.

My best to you,
B. N. Duncan,
Berkeley, CA



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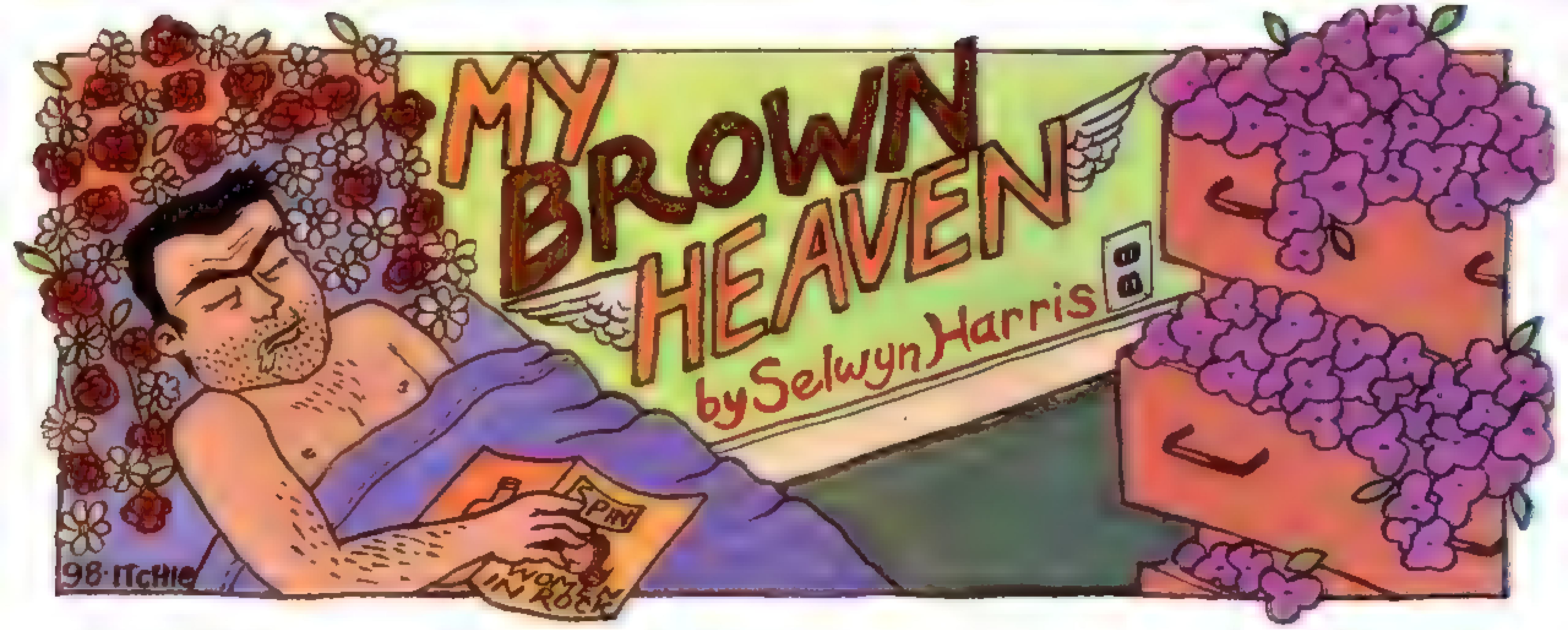


Natalie Merchant came in the night, on angel's wings, cloaked in burnt sienna. She was right there, floating, inches above me, her breath rustling my eyebrows, her bare toe wiggling my shinbone. Natalie Merchant wanted me.

"Selwyn Harris," Natalie Merchant whispered. "Selwyn Harris," she beckoned, "Selwyn Harris...arise!"

Natalie Merchant touched my forehead and morning sun alit my dreary bedroom. In a burst, roses sprung from a half-opened sock drawer, daffodils erupted from crags in the crappy carpet, and orchids grew over my shelves of Italian cannibal videos while violets engulfed the copious *Showgirls* memorabilia decorating my walls.

"Come with me," Natalie Merchant said, "if you want to live again."

I would go anywhere with Natalie Merchant. She scooped me up and — whoa! — bounded out my window. Her feathery appendages flapped hard. We were flying, high and fast, above the skanky streets of Manhattan's Lower East Side. "You're not dreaming," she assured me. Natalie Merchant could read my mind.

But I knew that already.

* * * * *

For all my unsavory bloviation, I had never, in my time on earth, actually met Natalie Merchant. I'd seen her perform live plenty, and once, at a record signing, she spoke to me. I was wearing an Addams Family tee-shirt and Natalie Merchant, noticing, commented: "Mah nickname used t' be Wednesday. When I was lit-tull, I put mah hair in braids and wore black drisses and mah mother would say, 'Are you gowin' to a fyonn-rull?'"

I was liquefied.

But that was a long time ago. I was skinny, then, and cute, and in college. I worked with retarded kids and wrote long love letters to my long, lovely girlfriend. My name was Mike McPadden. The Selwyn and the Harris were 42nd Street grindhouses I ventured to for trash-flick fun and shark-cage-style audience participation; they were not the defining boundaries of my entire identity. But that changed.

"And you loom, now," Natalie Merchant interjected, "on the cusp of another change."

"Are we, uh, going somewhere?" I asked.

"We're there," Natalie Merchant said. "Close your eyes, and then open them."

I closed my eyes and then opened them.

Holy Mother! "Wh-what is this place?" I stammered.

"Welcome to Browntown," Natalie Merchant beamed. "You think it's heaven."

* * * * *

Everywhere, it was Autumn, and I could tell it would be autumn, here, all the time. And, all at once, it was Upstate New York and San Francisco and Bennington, Vermont and Olympia, Washington and Park Slope, Brooklyn and, you know, Shangri-La and Utopia and Oz and (most of all) Eden. Mothers read to toddlers alongside countless leafy trees, or they changed infants on wicker tables in front of the Community Bookstore or they guided their offspring's tiny hands around spinning blobs of wet clay at the Pottery Collective, or they spooned yogurt to them from lotus positions at the yoga center. And lots of these mommies came in sets of two.

Wow. I saw a food co-op and an ashram and women on bicycles and no cars and a movie theater showing *Like Water For Chocolate* 24-hours-a day and nothing else ever, except for kids' movies on Saturday mornings. Granola fields and big barns lined a wide, flowing river in the distance, on the other side of which were more granola fields and more big barns.

"I like this place," I chirped.

"You ought to," Natalie Merchant replied. She quoted something I wrote.

"Brown girls," Natalie Merchant repeated, "That's what I like. Girls with (usually) brown hair and brown eyes who wear brown clothes and brown sandals and drink brown tea and eat brown rice with vegetables from the brown earth and give brown wooden toys to their adopted brown babies."

"They make a lot of their own pink babies, too," I pointed out.

Natalie Merchant was not amused. "Do you not think it odd, Selwyn Harris," she wondered, "that you — pornographer, prince of darkness, registered Republican — might find charm in a place like Browntown? I should think you'd feel more at home in the squalor-drenched Times Square of your youth, or some cocaine-on-tap punk bar where frightened teenage girls make out with each other between bouts of making out with you."

"Now that you mention it," I pondered. "I guess I'm not so into that stuff anymore. How can that be?"

Natalie Merchant sighed. "The bad news, Selwyn Harris, is that you are a FUCKING ASSHOLE." She paused for a breath. "The good news," she continued, "is that you don't really exist. Come now. The Tribunal is ready to receive you."

Like I said before, I'd go anywhere with Natalie Merchant.

* * * * *

But this was something else.

The Brown Tribunal.

A cozy coven of seven social consciences made large hearts, comfortable footwear and buckets of delectable mumsy flesh sat at a long brown table, beneath a billowing, brown Indian tapestry and a portrait of perpetually brown-robed St. Francis of Assisi, Catholicism's pacifist vegetarian who blesses animals. One by one, Natalie Merchant introduced me to her cronies.

"Selwyn Harris, meet Meredith Viera," Natalie Merchant said, "host of ABC Daytime's *The View*."

"Queen Itchie calls that show The Brown News!" I cheered.

"And next to Meredith," Natalie goes on, "is Lilith Fair founder Sarah McLachlan, who is seated beside the dynamic Susan Sarandon who, in turn, sits next to—"

"Ah-ah!" I interrupt. "No need for the formalities. I'd know those anywhere. Hello, Almighty Jugs of Jewel!"

Jewel did not say she was pleased to meet me. Nor did ER's Julianna Margulies, nor Suzanne Vega, nor "Cinder Calhoun," the obscure *Saturday Night Live* character that only I could possibly get (hard to).

"Selwyn Harris," Meredith Viera intoned, "the Brown Tribunal has extracted you from your human host, Michael McPadden, because...well, we don't hate here in Browntown, but...we have, ah, well, issues with you."

"Aack!" gagged the Almighty Jugs of Jewel. "I can say it! You're awful and disgusting and you're exactly what Christina Kelly called you in *Sassy* Magazine — a GOOB!"

That word! GOOB! ButbutbutBUT!... but nothing. The Almighty Jugs of Jewel were right. I was mucus from the back of someone's throat. I owed Christina Kelly a public apology (will this do?). I couldn't bear to face the Tribunal. "You hate me," I murmured, all misting-up, "even though I love you. All of you."

"No!" Susan Sarandon pounded the table. "Not you, Selwyn Harris. You love only three things: your left testicle, his twin troublemaker next-door and that demon-wand up the middle! Whatever affection you feel for Truth, Beauty and Birkenstocks bleeds through from that McPadden wreck you've possessed these past seven years."

"Whudid I do though?" I whined. "I mean, exactly?"

Suzanne Vega chimed in. "In September, 1991, Brooklyn College English major and Special Education teacher's aide Michael McPadden was set to marry a charming, lovely Barnard College senior who has since become a charming, lovely Homeless Persons Advocate. She sort of looks like me. Their nuptials, along with Mr. McPadden's potential for non-disgusting living over the next few years, were thwarted by the emergence of a malevolent spirit within him. He called that vile entity Selwyn Harris."

Her-storian Julianna Margulies took over. "Selwyn Harris produced, for two years, a publication called *Happyland*, which brazenly celebrated his ritual abuse of Times Square sex workers — oftentimes sex workers of color — and glorified degenerate, dehumanizing entertainment, such as omnivorous substance consumption, 'banging chicks' from someplace called Downtown Beirut, watching *Bloodsucking Freaks* repeatedly and goofing on of *All About Chad* and *Sticky Carpet Digest* relentlessly. The only reason Selwyn stopped *Happyland* is because someone paid him to."

"And that someone," Cinder Calhoun sneered, "was so-called great American hero Larry Flynt, who hired Selwyn as a *Hustler* editor and to formulate a 'porno version of *Sassy*' called *Barely Legal*. Charming, no? From there, our boy bounced around some even lower slap-mags until he could bounce no more."

And, now, I couldn't even weep

Leave it to Natalie Merchant to save me. Again. "Alas, Selwyn Harris, I've been protecting you, in spirit, for a long time. When you tipped extra to paw the illegally smuggled-in breasts of Russian sex-slaves at 25-cent peep-shows," Natalie Merchant assured me, "I was there. When you said 'thanks' after coercing a high-school sweetheart to lick labia in public, I was there. When you didn't murder *Hustler*'s 'Chester the Molester' creator Dwaine Tinsley, I was there. Actually, I wasn't so happy about that last one, but, you know, capital punishment is wrong and all. Anyway, you have been a wretched disease-on-legs, Selwyn Harris, but you have also had fleeting moments of decency. And this is why I have brought you here. The Brown Tribunal, and I, Natalie Merchant, offer you a proposition."

And, then, I swear to the Goddess, Natalie Merchant opened her robe and showed me her boobs! Naked! Round! Heavy! Nipples and everything! And HERS!

Again, I was liquefied.

And then Meredith Viera cleared her throat and she had her hoots out! And so did Susan Sarandon and Sarah McLachlan and all of them! Even the...I didn't dare look all at once, but, oh, yesyesyes...the Almighty Jugs of Jewel! I tried to faint, but Natalie Merchant caught me.

"We want you to stay here, Selwyn Harris," Natalie Merchant revealed. "Stay here in Browntown. Remain separate from Michael McPadden, and inactive, while he goes about making amends for damages you've wrought upon the earthly sphere."

"But I got lots left to do back in NYC!" I protested. Then I looked at Natalie Merchant's exposed chest and...I really did faint that time.

* * * * *

I woke up again on a riverbank. My head was in Natalie Merchant's hand and her lactating left breast filled my mouth. She caressed my face and spoke softly. "We will nurse you forever —myself, Meredith, the entire Brown Tribunal, and every other Browntown milk-font — as long as you make no effort to reemerge on earth. Leave Michael McPadden alone."

"But McPadden really belongs here," I said. "Lemme go back to the topless bars and the all-night horror festivals and the..."

"Hush," Natalie Merchant purred. I went back to feeding. She waved her hand over the streaming tide before us and I saw McPadden on its surface. He looked good. And he wasn't alone.

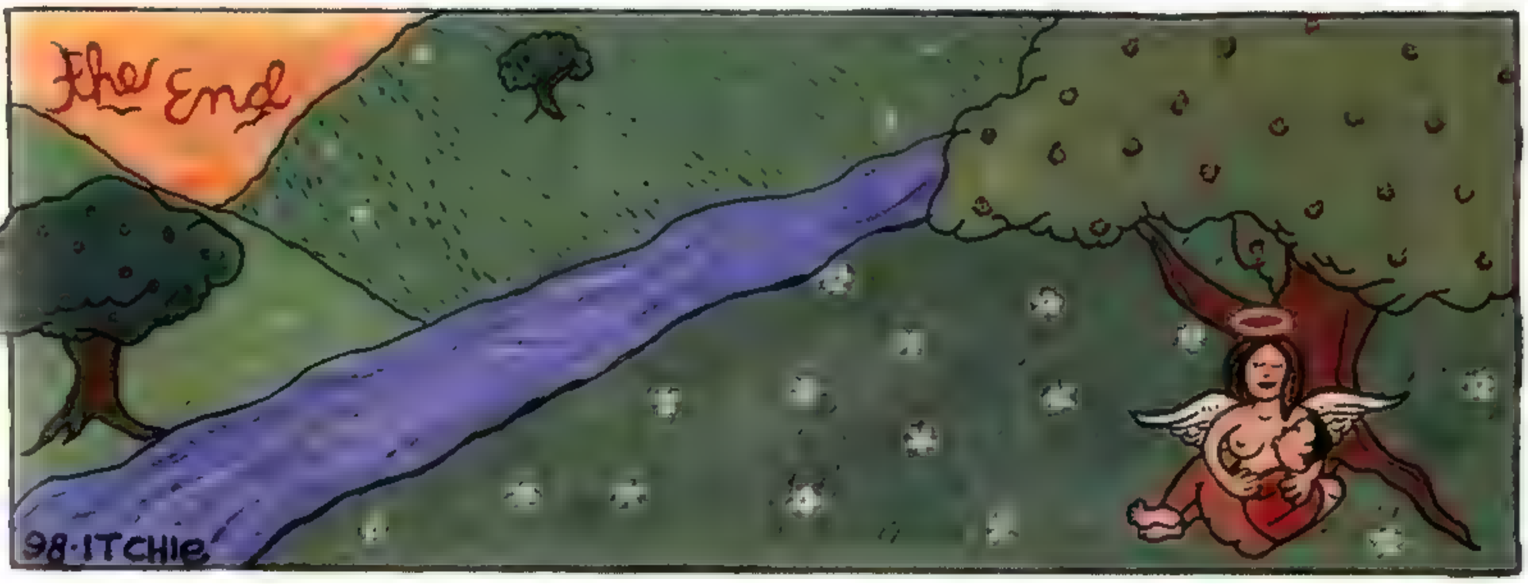
"Sometimes the fallen flock to Browntown," Natalie Merchant said. "And sometimes Browntown makes its way to the fallen."

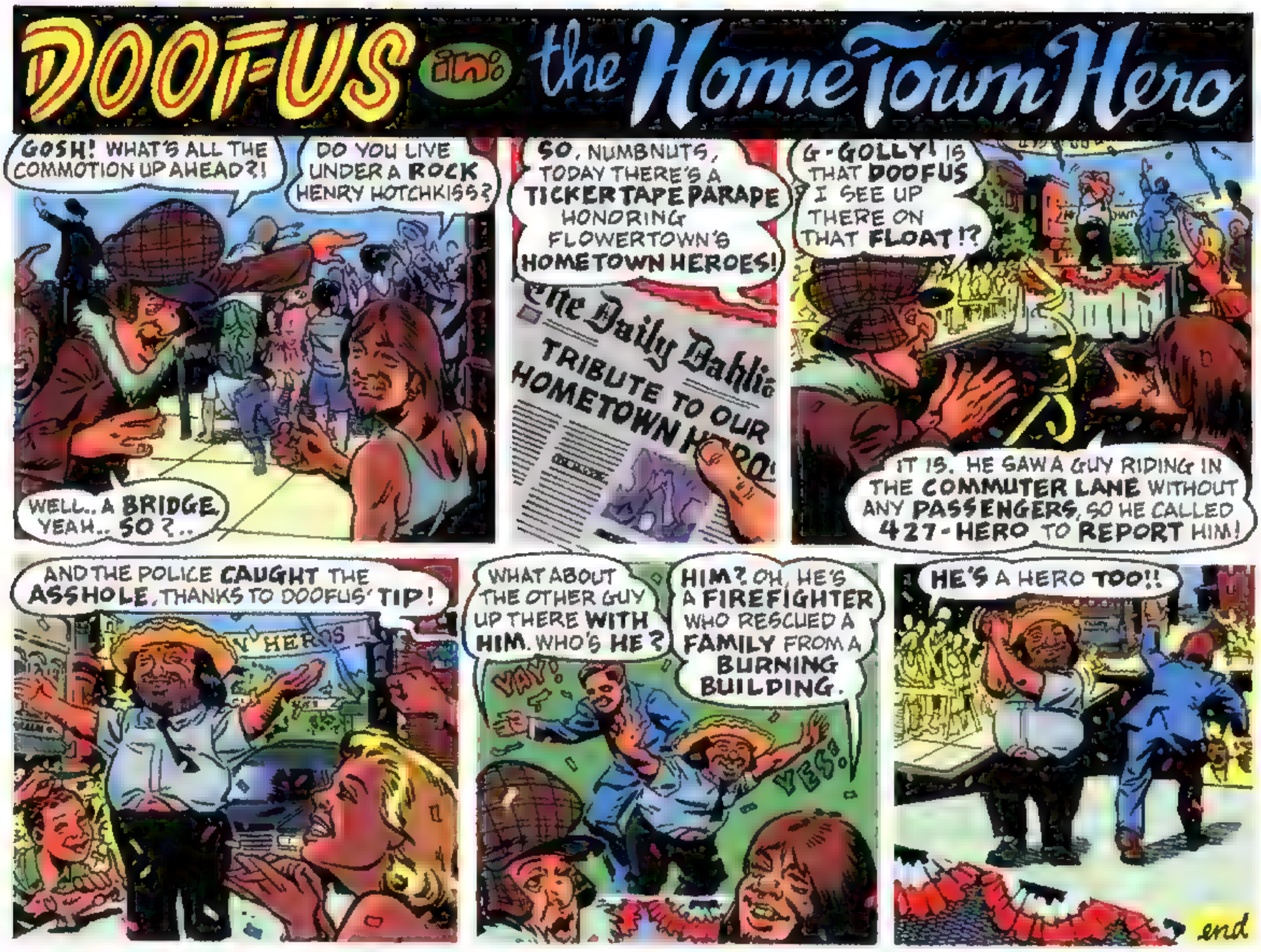
I peered into the river. There was a girl with McPadden. She was beautiful. She wore librarian glasses and she was hugging a happy brown bulldog and her tee-shirt read "Apartheid Sucks." Nice. I was happy for my alter ego. But then — no! agony! no! — I saw the girl tell McPadden she was sorry, hand him a bag of stuff he left at her house and walk away. On Valentine's Day. She looked sad. He looked sad. The pooch looked suicidal.

Natalie Merchant spoke before I had a chance to. "Michael let you into the world," she said. "We have to let him suffer a little. But with love, with patience, and with faith, he'll make his way."

Geez. Bummer. Listen, ladies, I know I've never done anything even kind of okay for anybody, but I implore you, help this McPadden character out! Any of you with unshaven nay-nays, custom-designed candle collections, Kristin Hersh cassettes in your home-crafted macramé handbags and/or souls flowing over with profound spiritual enlightenment, beat this bozo's door down. Now!

As for your pal Selwyn Harris, I've got the angelic Natalie Merchant's sweet, pumping udder in my mug. I think I'll keep it. Guess I won't be seeing you, like, forever. So, uh, so long everybody. Ciao!




DOOFUS in: the Home Town Hero
GOSH! WHAT'S ALL THE COMMOTION UP AHEAD?!
DO YOU LIVE UNDER A ROCK HENRY HOTCHKISS?
WELL.. A BRIDGE. YEAH.. SO?..
SO, NUMBNUTS, TODAY THERE'S A TICKER TAPE PARADE HONORING FLOWERTOWN'S HOMETOWN HEROES!
The Daily Dahlia
TRIBUTE TO OUR HOMETOWN H
G-GOLLY! IS THAT DOOFUS I SEE UP THERE ON THAT FLOAT!?
IT IS. HE SAW A GUY RIDING IN THE COMMUTER LANE WITHOUT ANY PASSENGERS, SO HE CALLED 427-HERO TO REPORT HIM!
AND THE POLICE CAUGHT THE ASSHOLE, THANKS TO DOOFUS' TIP!
WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER GUY UP THERE WITH HIM. WHO'S HE?
HIM? OH, HE'S A FIREFIGHTER WHO RESCUED A FAMILY FROM A BURNING BUILDING.
YAY!
YES!
HE'S A HERO TOO!!
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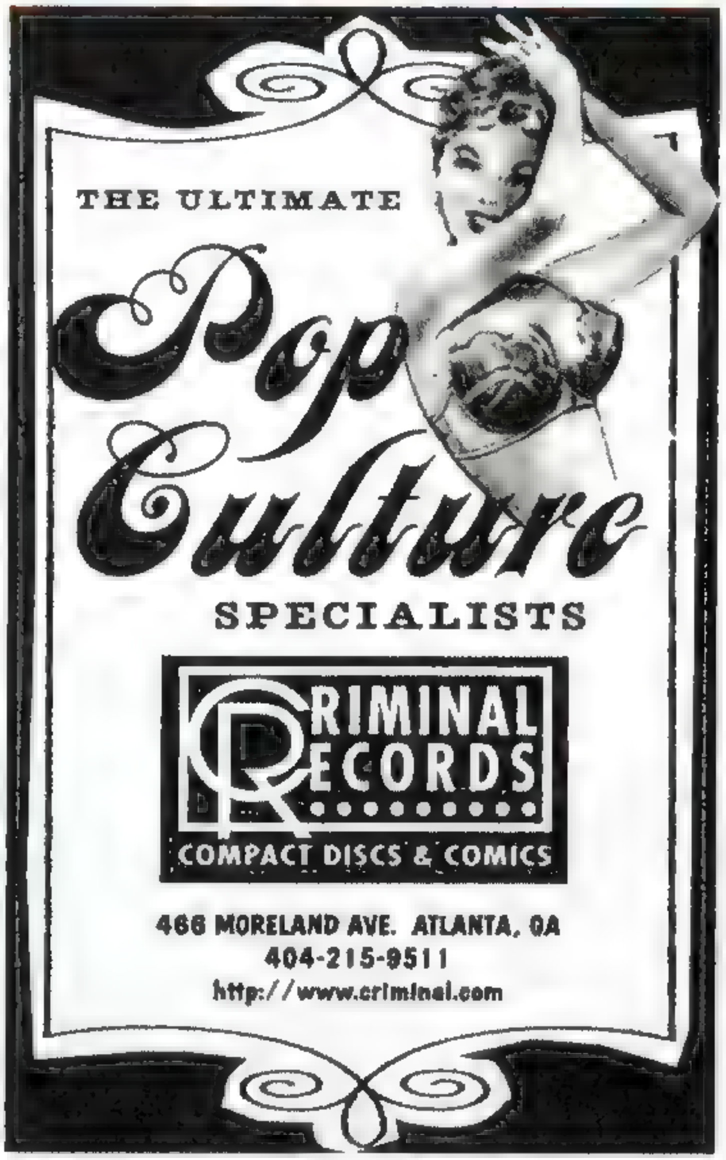
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Kickin' Ass

with Aaron Lee

I come to kick Bagge's ass, not to kiss it. By cancelling *Hate*, the rat bastard is leaving me up spit creek—without so much as a tongue depressor for a paddle.

Now I'm a has-been. If I want to impress chicks at comic conventions, I'll have to rely on my tenuous connection to Dan Clowes (we share the same massage therapist). When that doesn't work, I'll be forced to pay full price for my Eros Comix, like the rest of you pathetic jerk-offs. (I mean that in the nicest sense possible.)

* * * * *

As the Deadhead I dated in 1988 used to say, "What a long, strange trip it's been." Of course, she generally babbled that cockamamie catchphrase after waking up in a pool of her own vomit. Then I sent her on a long, strange trip to the curb! Damn hippies, taking up my time with their protests, orgies I wasn't invited to (on Easter Sunday, for Christ's sake!) and never-ending discussions about quantum physics. (Why does an ability to flip past the Discovery Channel while loading another bong hit make every head-shop patron think he's Stephen freaking Hawking?)

I was 17 years old, and all I wanted to do was listen to my collection of godawful punk-rock records. Like "My Dad's a Fuckin' Alcoholic" by the Frantix. What a doozy! I'd throw on that mindless racket and read a sleazy porn mag or an underground co-mic, because neither demanded too much of my precious attention span. (Let's face it — the idea that funny books are suitable for ma-ture, intelligent adults was cooked up by a bunch of closet pedophiles who never got over *Richie Rich*!)

In fact, I was enjoying pornography when I first stumbled upon the manic doodling that would change my life... and, subsequently, the lives of 2.5 million *Kickin' Ass* readers worldwide. A drunk named Bernie offered to sell me a box of periodicals such as *Swank* and *Big Butt*. Today, I'm mortified by the thought of purchasing used smut from the homeless. But in the Rock-Paper-Scissors game of adolescence, hormones beat hygiene every time.

Among the spank pages, there lay a solitary issue of a comic book named *Neat Stuff*. The aforementioned doodles within were credited to one Peter Bagge, a name that sounded unlikely to me. (Years later, my suspicions proved correct when the *Comics Journal* revealed that "Bagge" is actually a pseudonym for Harvey Pekar.) I read this *Stuff* that Bernie's alcoholic wet dreams were made of. And I laughed. Since that day, Bagge has provided me with a solid decade of laughter — never quite so loud as when I receive my check for writing this column. Then I laugh all the way to the Check Cashing joint, where the tellers bust a gut, too.

* * * * *

That, however, is another story, which takes place after Bagge started up a new series. Just as *The Dukes of Hazzard* begat *Enos* — or, more appropriately, as *Hi and Lois* begat *Beetle Bailey* (a character Bagge was unsuccessfully sued for plagiarizing in the landmark "Walker v. Bradley" case of 1994) — *Neat Stuff* begat *Hate*. Like countless other drug-addicted grunge rockers, I declar-ed the ongoing saga of Buddy Bradley to be "just like my life." Especially the issue where Buddy took a job writing for a sleazy porn mag and moved to Los Angeles. Oh, wait, that was my life. Regardless, it was a Fri-day night at Sunset Boulevard's trendy Chateau Marmont when I came face to face with the man African-American youths refer to as Master P. (Bagge, that is).

* * * * *

A bungalow was rented in Bagge's name by the folks at a particular record label who made so much money off a particular band, they could afford to do things like rent cartoonists rooms for no reason. (I think they're bankrupt now.) Under-ground luminaries gathered to mooch Bagge's booze, food and free long-distance calling.

I crashed the party on the coattails of comedienne Paula Poundstone, who I was dating at the time. (No, she's not a lesbian.) The whole feeding frenzy sickened me. Perhaps it was the Cape Codders talking, but I launched into a tirade of Buddy Rich proportions.

"I'm going to write a fanzine called *Kickin' Ass*," I screamed over a retro-cocktail cover of "My Dad's a Fuckin' Alcoholic." "And I'm taking you all down! You, Mr. Big-Shot Hollywood Agent! You, Miss Anorexic Starlet! You, performing superficial beat poetry in the corner! And you, Adrian '*Optic Nerve*' Tomine... your comic should be called *Myopic Nerd*!" A gasp rose from the stunned crowd. Even an insensitive bastard like me realized that last potshot was pretty low. Security dragged me outside and administered the swift booty-booting my drunken behavior begged for; I didn't put up a fight.

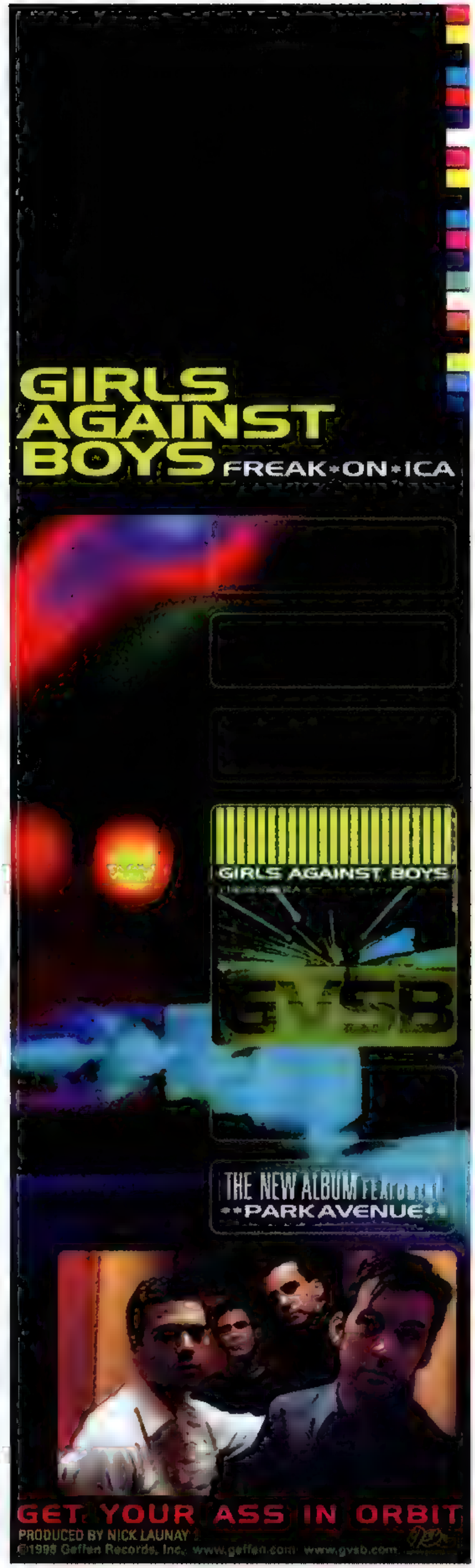
Meanwhile, Bagge was watching. The next morning, his people called my people. An offer was made. *Kickin' Ass: The Column* was born.

Now it's dead, just like Stinky and Pops Bradley—and, come to think of it, Buddy, Lisa, Butch, Moms Bradley and Pencils. The whole gang got dropped off at the porcelain pool. So much for my writing career!

Christ, I hope a few suckers send for my picture.

You can buy an autographed, 8 x 10 glossy photo of me—Aaron Lee—for only five dollars! Send cash, please, to "Kickin' Ass" c/o HATE

the brian jonestown massacre
STRUNG OUT IN HEAVEN
Get Ready for the Revolution, Baby!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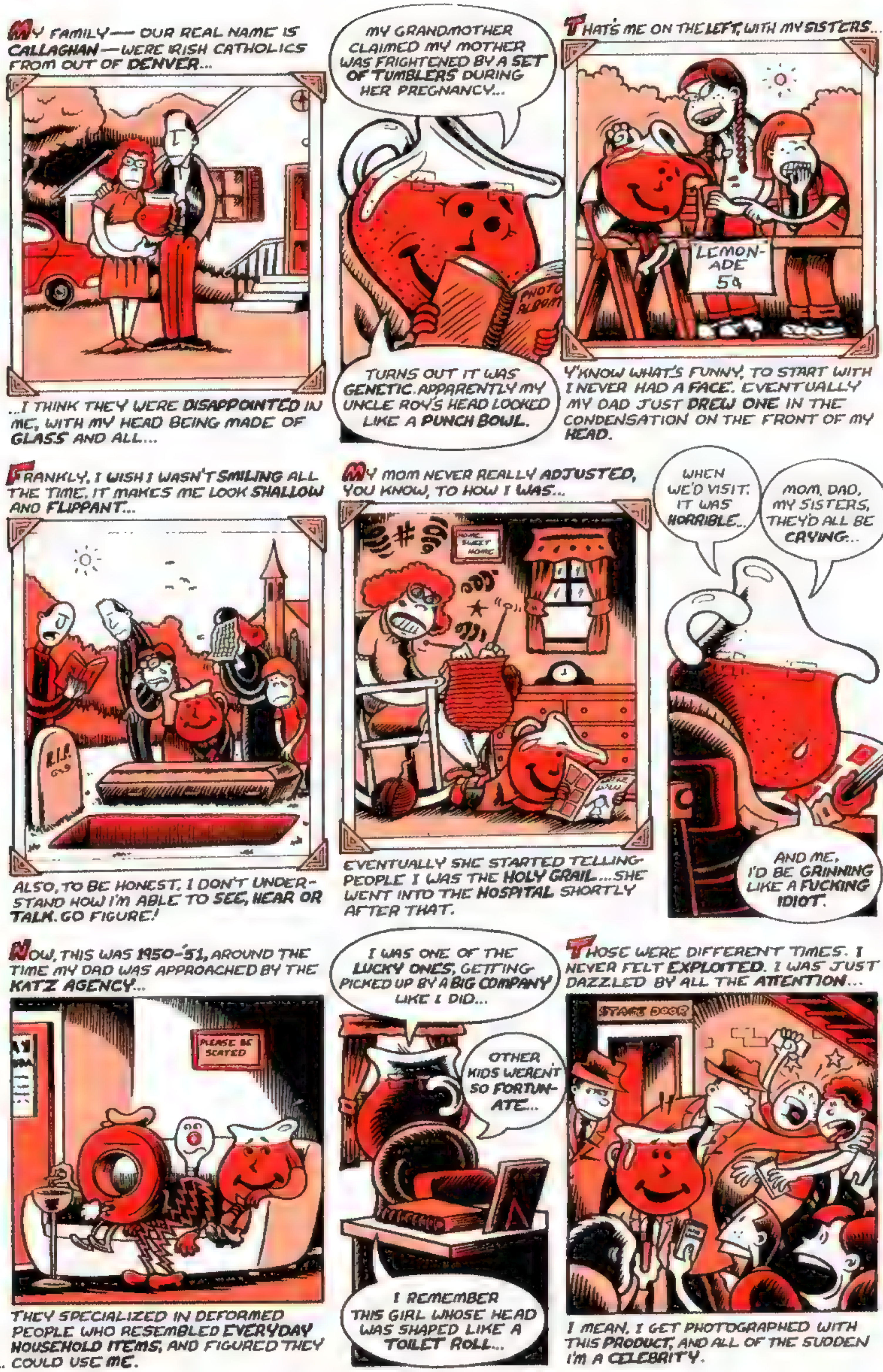
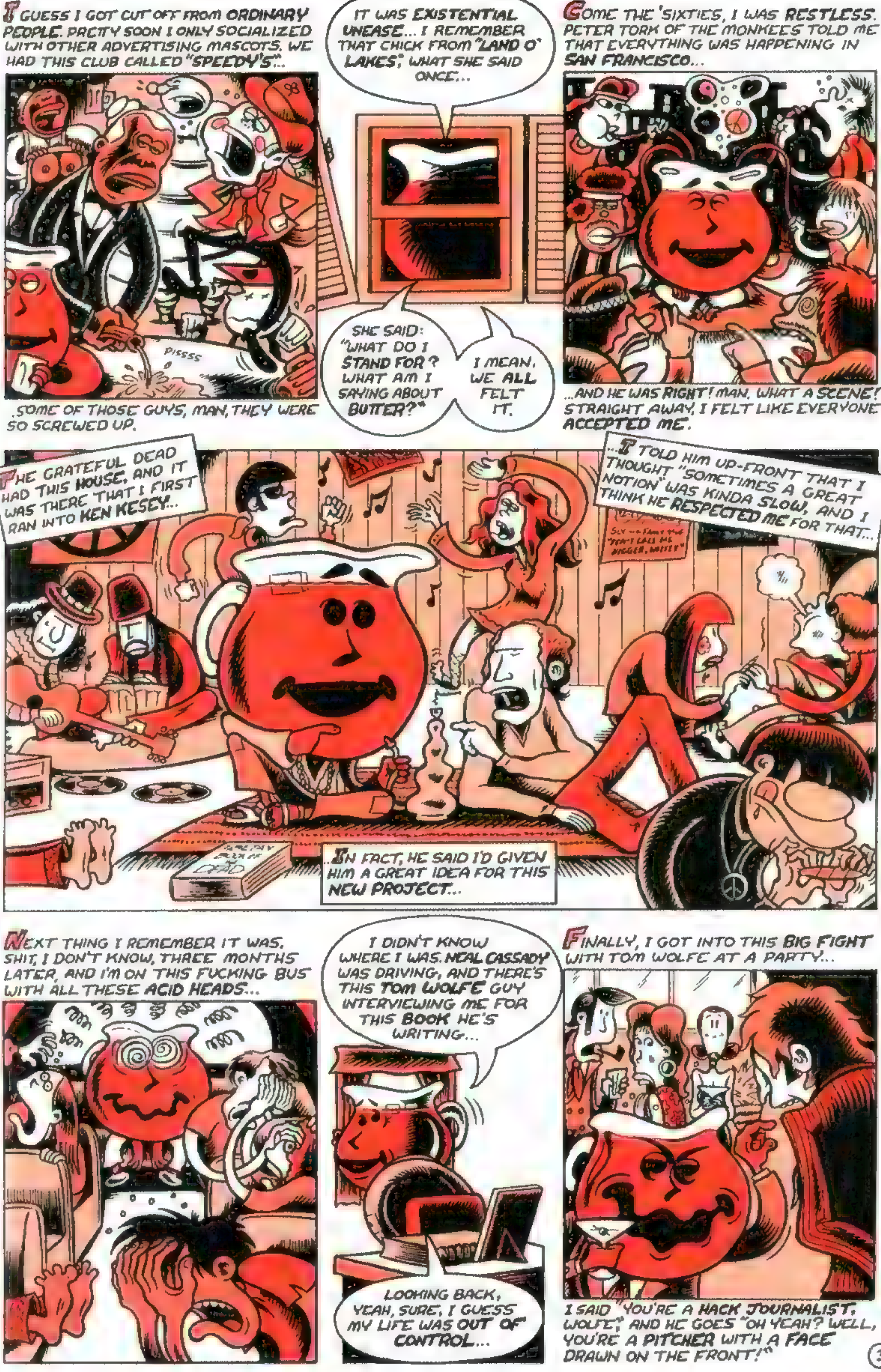
"THE HASTY SMEAR OF MY SMILE..."
...THAT WAS THE NAME OF THE BOOK I WROTE FOR CITY LIGHTS...
I MEAN, IT WAS A COLLECTION OF POEMS, BUT "HASTY SMEAR" WAS THE MAIN PIECE...
I HAVEN'T READ IT IN A WHILE...YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME...
PHIL OCHS
PETE SEEGER
© 1998 BY ALAN MOORE + PETER BAGGE
..."SOMETIMES I AM PURPLE IN ANGRY NEGRO THUNDER OVER NIGHT TENEMENTS"...
..."SOMETIMES I AM ROCK-A-DILE RED, QUEER COMMIE BLOOD LEAKED FROM AMERIKA'S TELEVISION ASSHOLE"...
..."AND SOMETIMES I AM SLAMMIN' STRAWBERRY KIWI, FLAPPING LIKE A SPEARED WHALE IN THE PINK JUICE OF LOVE!"
LEAP!
THE HASTY SMEAR
REVIEWERS AT THE TIME SAID I WAS A YOUNG ALLEN GINSBERG...
...ALTHOUGH I'M NOT GAY, OBVIOUSLY.


MY FAMILY— OUR REAL NAME IS CALLAGHAN —WERE IRISH CATHOLICS FROM OUT OF DENVER...
...I THINK THEY WERE DISAPPOINTED IN ME, WITH MY HEAD BEING MADE OF GLASS AND ALL....
MY GRANDMOTHER CLAIMED MY MOTHER WAS FRIGHTENED BY A SET OF TUMBLERS DURING HER PREGNANCY...
PHOTO ALBUM
TURNS OUT IT WAS GENETIC. APPARENTLY MY UNCLE ROY'S HEAD LOOKED LIKE A PUNCH BOWL.
THAT'S ME ON THE LEFT, WITH MY SISTERS...
LEMON-ADE 5¢
Y'KNOW WHAT'S FUNNY, TO START WITH I NEVER HAD A FACE. EVENTUALLY MY DAD JUST DREW ONE IN THE CONDENSATION ON THE FRONT OF MY HEAD.
FRANKLY, I WISH I WASN'T SMILING ALL THE TIME. IT MAKES ME LOOK SHALLOW AND FLIPPANT...
R.I.P.
ALSO, TO BE HONEST, I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW I'M ABLE TO SEE, HEAR OR TALK. GO FIGURE!
MY MOM NEVER REALLY ADJUSTED, YOU KNOW, TO HOW I WAS...
HOME SWEET HOME
EVENTUALLY SHE STARTED TELLING PEOPLE I WAS THE HOLY GRAIL... SHE WENT INTO THE HOSPITAL SHORTLY AFTER THAT.
WHEN WE'D VISIT, IT WAS HORRIBLE...
MOM, DAD, MY SISTERS, THEY'D ALL BE CRYING...
AND ME, I'D BE GRINNING LIKE A FUCKING IDIOT.
NOW, THIS WAS 1950-'51, AROUND THE TIME MY DAD WAS APPROACHED BY THE KATZ AGENCY...
PLEASE BE SEATED
THEY SPECIALIZED IN DEFORMED PEOPLE WHO RESEMBLED EVERYDAY HOUSEHOLD ITEMS, AND FIGURED THEY COULD USE ME.
I WAS ONE OF THE LUCKY ONES, GETTING PICKED UP BY A BIG COMPANY LIKE I DID...
OTHER KIDS WEREN'T SO FORTUNATE...
I REMEMBER THIS GIRL WHOSE HEAD WAS SHAPED LIKE A TOILET ROLL...
THOSE WERE DIFFERENT TIMES. I NEVER FELT EXPLOITED. I WAS JUST DAZZLED BY ALL THE ATTENTION...
STAGE DOOR
I MEAN, I GET PHOTOGRAPHED WITH THIS PRODUCT, AND ALL OF THE SUDDEN I'M A CELEBRITY.


I GUESS I GOT CUT OFF FROM ORDINARY PEOPLE. PRETTY SOON I ONLY SOCIALIZED WITH OTHER ADVERTISING MASCOTS. WE HAD THIS CLUB CALLED "SPEEDY'S"...
PISSSS
...SOME OF THOSE GUYS, MAN, THEY WERE SO SCREWED UP.
IT WAS EXISTENTIAL UNEASE... I REMEMBER THAT CHICK FROM "LAND O' LAKES," WHAT SHE SAID ONCE...
SHE SAID: "WHAT DO I STAND FOR? WHAT AM I SAYING ABOUT BUTTER?"
I MEAN, WE ALL FELT IT.
COME THE 'SIXTIES, I WAS RESTLESS. PETER TORK OF THE MONKEES TOLD ME THAT EVERYTHING WAS HAPPENING IN SAN FRANCISCO...
...AND HE WAS RIGHT! MAN, WHAT A SCENE! STRAIGHT AWAY, I FELT LIKE EVERYONE ACCEPTED ME.
THE GRATEFUL DEAD HAD THIS HOUSE, AND IT WAS THERE THAT I FIRST RAN INTO KEN KESEY...
...I TOLD HIM UP-FRONT THAT I THOUGHT "SOMETIMES A GREAT NOTION" WAS KINDA SLOW, AND I THINK HE RESPECTED ME FOR THAT...
...IN FACT, HE SAID I'D GIVEN HIM A GREAT IDEA FOR THIS NEW PROJECT...
NEXT THING I REMEMBER IT WAS, SHIT, I DON'T KNOW, THREE MONTHS LATER, AND I'M ON THIS FUCKING BUS WITH ALL THESE ACID HEADS...
I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE I WAS. NEAL CASSADY WAS DRIVING, AND THERE'S THIS TOM WOLFE GUY INTERVIEWING ME FOR THIS BOOK HE'S WRITING...
LOOKING BACK, YEAH, SURE, I GUESS MY LIFE WAS OUT OF CONTROL...
FINALLY, I GOT INTO THIS BIG FIGHT WITH TOM WOLFE AT A PARTY...
I SAID "YOU'RE A HACK JOURNALIST, WOLFE," AND HE GOES "OH YEAH? WELL, YOU'RE A PITCHER WITH A FACE DRAWN ON THE FRONT!"

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT, I SWEAR THIS IS TRUE, HUNTER S. THOMPSON HELD ME DOWN WHILE WOLFE PISSED INTO MY HEAD...
EVERYBODY LAUGHED. I CAN STILL HEAR JANN WENNER'S HIGH-PITCHED GIRLISH GIGGLE...
I-I'M SORRY, CAN WE CUT?
AFTER THAT EVERYTHING STARTED TO FALL TO PIECES. THE SOFT-DRINK COMPANY THREATENED ME WITH BREACH OF CONTRACT UNLESS I CLEANED UP MY ACT...
?
MISSION
SPARE CHANGE?
I WAS DOWN IN THE DUMPS. I NEEDED SOMETHING— ANYTHING—TO FILL THE HOLLOWNESS INSIDE ME...
...IT WAS AROUND THIS TIME I FIRST MET THE REVEREND JIM JONES.
AND YES, OKAY, I MET HIM, AND YES, I DID VISIT THE STOCKADE, IN GUYANA, BUT ON THE DAY, YOU KNOW, WHEN IT HAPPENED...
...I WASN'T THERE.
THAT WAS FLAVOR-ADE MAN! THE INQUIRY SAID SO!
...THE MASS SUICIDE... ALL THOSE DEAD CHILDREN... I PROMISE YOU, I HAD ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO DO WITH IT! ABSOLU-TELY NOTHING AT ALL!
...I WISH TO CHRIST I COULD STOP GRINNING...
OH, YEAAHH!

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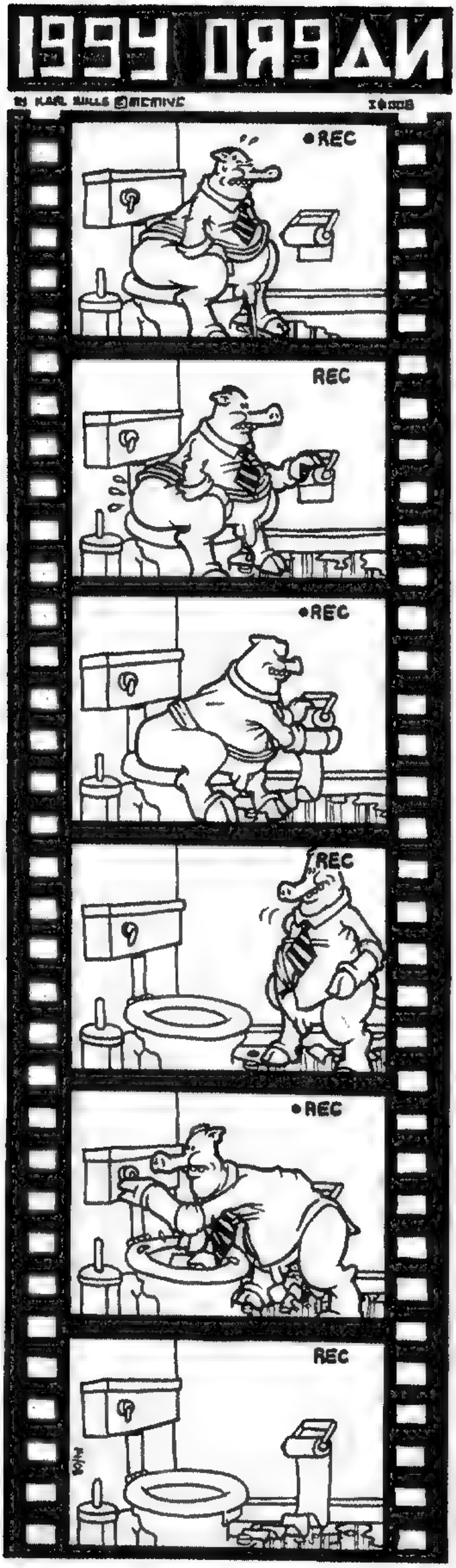

REC
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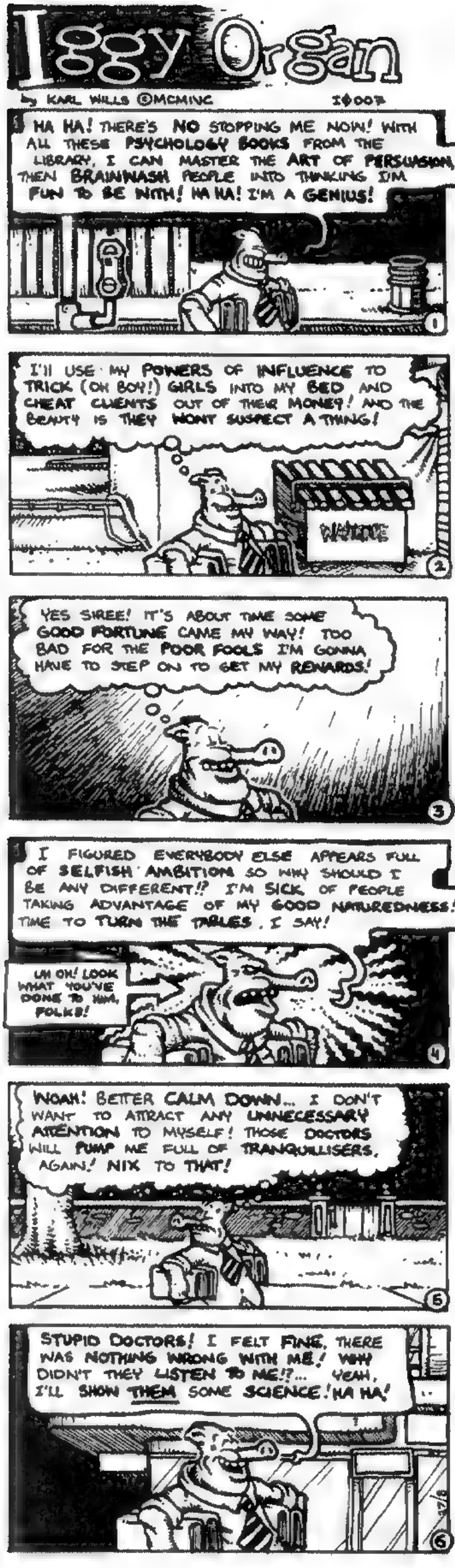
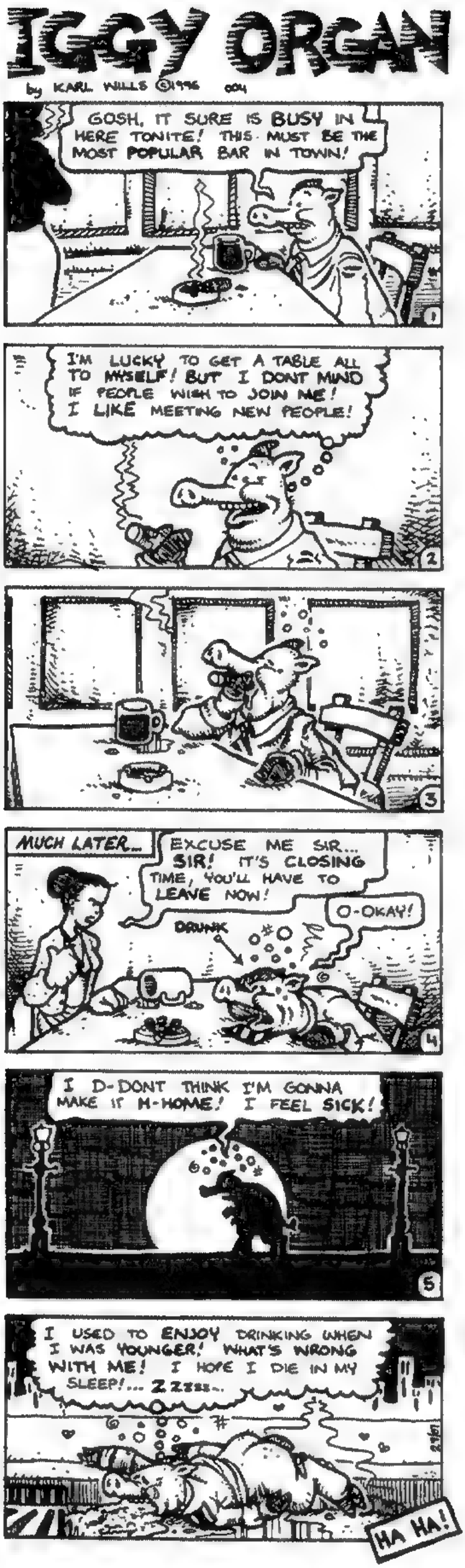
OH BOY, IT'S...
IGGY ORGAN
MY BIRTHDAY CAKE WILL SOON BE READY! YUMMY YUM! I'D BETTER FIND SOMETHING TO DO IN THE MEANTIME!
FIRST I'll CHECK MY MAILBOX FOR GIFTS & BIRTHDAY CARDS... ...THEN I'll WRITE SOME THANK YOU LETTERS! YUP!
LOOKS LIKE IT'S MOSTLY BILLS AND JUNKMAIL! OH... HANG ON... WHAT'S THIS? A LETTER FROM AN EX-GIRLFRIEND! WOW! I DIDN'T THINK SHE'D REMEMBER MY SPECIAL DAY! MAYBE SHE WANTS ME BACK AS WELL! OH HAPPY DAY!
OH MAN, JUST THINKING ABOUT HER GETS ME ALL HOT! I'D BETTER SEE WHAT SHE HAS TO SAY!
ON SECOND THOUGHT, MAYBE I SHOULDN'T READ IT! WHAT IF SHE'S WRITING TO TELL ME SHE'S PREGNANT OR HAS SYPHILIS OR MAYBE SHE HATES MY GUTS AND WANTS ME TO COMMIT SUICIDE TO MAKE HER LIFE EASIER ?! OH MY!
YOU'RE PATHETIC!
OH NO! THE VOICES! THE VOICES ARE BACK!
WORTHLESS PIG!
FILTH!


Iggy Organ
by KARL WILLS ©MCMXCVI I$007
HA HA! THERE'S NO STOPPING ME NOW! WITH ALL THESE PSYCHOLOGY BOOKS FROM THE LIBRARY, I CAN MASTER THE ART OF PERSUASION, THEN BRAINWASH PEOPLE INTO THINKING I'M FUN TO BE WITH! HA HA! I'M A GENIUS!
I'LL USE MY POWERS OF INFLUENCE TO TRICK (OH BOY!) GIRLS INTO MY BED AND CHEAT CLIENTS OUT OF THEIR MONEY! AND THE BEAUTY IS THEY WONT SUSPECT A THING!
YES SIREE! IT'S ABOUT TIME SOME GOOD FORTUNE CAME MY WAY! TOO BAD FOR THE POOR FOOLS I'M GONNA HAVE TO STEP ON TO GET MY REWARDS!
I FIGURED EVERYBODY ELSE APPEARS FULL OF SELFISH AMBITION SO WHY SHOULD I BE ANY DIFFERENT!? I'M SICK OF PEOPLE TAKING ADVANTAGE OF MY GOOD NATUREDNESS! TIME TO TURN THE TABLES, I SAY!
UH OH! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO HIM, FOLKS!
WOAH! BETTER CALM DOWN... I DON'T WANT TO ATTRACT ANY UNNECESSARY ATTENTION TO MYSELF! THOSE DOCTORS WILL PUMP ME FULL OF TRANQUILLISERS AGAIN! NIX TO THAT!
STUPID DOCTORS! I FELT FINE, THERE WAS NOTHING WRONG WITH ME! WHY DIDN'T THEY LISTEN TO ME!?... YEAH, I'LL SHOW THEM SOME SCIENCE! HA HA!


IGGY ORGAN
by KARL WILLS ©1996 004
GOSH, IT SURE IS BUSY IN HERE TONITE! THIS MUST BE THE MOST POPULAR BAR IN TOWN!
I'M LUCKY TO GET A TABLE ALL TO MYSELF! BUT I DONT MIND IF PEOPLE WISH TO JOIN ME! I LIKE MEETING NEW PEOPLE!
MUCH LATER...
EXCUSE ME SIR... SIR! IT'S CLOSING TIME, YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE NOW!
DRUNK
O-OKAY!
I D-DONT THINK I'M GONNA MAKE IT H-HOME! I FEEL SICK!
I USED TO ENJOY DRINKING WHEN I WAS YOUNGER! WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME! I HOPE I DIE IN MY SLEEP!... ZZzzz..
HA HA!

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Gigglepuss
AND heR CRUNCHY GraNOLA PALS IN: WHAT'S IN A GNOME? BY Ariel Bordeaux
OOOH... LOOK! A GARDEN GNOME, HOW SWEET!
I BET HE'D LIKE TO HAVE SOME FUN... BUT I CAN'T JUST GRAB HIM IN BROAD DAY-LIGHT. HMMM...
SHHH! DON'T WORRY LITTLE GUY, YOU'RE SAFE WITH ME.
HUFF HUFF
GIGGLEPUSS! WHY — WHAT A SURPRISE...
I THOUGHT YOU'D WANNA COME TAKE MY GNOME OUT TO DINNER WITH ME...
TAKE HIM OUT, EH? HMM — I THINK I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA!
GNOME!? PARTY OF FOUR?
THIS IS SUCH A TREAT... HOW 'BOUT A TOAST!
TO MR. GNOME, HEALTH, PEACE AND PROSPERITY!
HEAR, HEAR! MMM... THIS CABERNET IS TASTY!
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DRINK YOUR WINE, EH? MIND IF I DO?
PASS THE BUTTER?
DELICIOUS GARLIC POTATOES!
THAT WAS AMAZING! I LOVE ITALIAN.
YOU SAID IT. I'VE NEVER BEEN THIS FULL... EVER
WELP... WE BETTER AMSCRAY...
SIR? WILL THAT BE CASH OR CHARGE? SIR?

TRUTH IS "STANGER" THAN FICTION
PART III by: Dame Darcy ©1998
WHEN I WAS SIXTEEN, I WOULD STAND IN MY YARD AND WAIT, STARING AT THE BLACK TREES HOLDING BACK THE FLAT WHITE SKY.
SOME SPECKLES OF SKY SIFTING THROUGH LIKE MILK THROUGH A WROUGHT IRON SIVE.
THE CHURCH BELL WOULD TOLL SIX O'CLOCK WHEN I WAS A CHILD THIS BELL MEANT "COME HOME" NOW, IT CONJURED THE CROWS.
HUNDREDS WOULD SWARM FROM ALL AROUND AND LAND IN THE TREES, MAKING AN UNGODLY RACKET ALONG WITH THE CHURCH BELLS.
THEN MY NOSE WOULD BLEED.
I DON'T KNOW WHY THEIR VISION WOULD PRODUCE SUCH A REACTION. THEY WOULD STAY FOR EXACTALLY AN HOUR, THEN FLY INTO THE TWILIGHT
IT STARTED IN EARLY SPRING. MY FRIEND J. AND I WERE IN HIS CAR. WE DROVE PAST ROWS OF NEWLY PLOWED SOIL. WHEN WE SAW A SHACK BURNING BY THE SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY.
THE SMALLNESS OF THE SHACK AND THE INTENSITY WITH WICH IT BURNED MADE IT GLOW ORANGE LIKE A JACK-O-LANTERN. NO ONE WAS INSIDE

WE RUSHED TO FIND A PAYPHONE AND CALL THE FIRE DEPARTMENT. ABOUT A QUARTER OF A MILE DOWN THE ROAD, A CAR ACCIDENT SPRAWLED AND GLITTERED GLASS EVERYWHERE. A FIGURE WAS SLUMPED IN THE FRONT SEAT.
WE STOPPED THE CAR AND RAN OUT... ANOTHER FIGURE WAS WANDERING DOWN THE ROAD, SCARCELY AVOIDING FALLING DOWN THE EMBANKMENT INTO THE DITCH.
TAKE ME TO MY FRIEND'S HOUSE. MY MOTHER WILL BE FURIOUS TO FIND WE WERE DRIVING DRUNK AND CRASHED.
WE CALLED THE POLICE AND AMBULANCE FOR THE OTHER GUY IN THE CAR. WHILE HER AGAST FRIEND STOOD IN THE KITCHEN STARRING AT US.
EVER SINCE THAT DAY MY NOSE-BLEEDS WERE REOCCURANT THEN BEGAN AT 6:00 AND END WHATEVER FICKLE TIME THEY CHOSE.
The End

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DOOFUS
STORY BY: JAIME HERNANDEZ
SCRIPT & ART by RICK ALTERGOTT ©1998
HEH HEH..
THAT OL' SUNOFA GUN, DOOFUS.
?!
EXCUSE ME, SIR... YOU KNOW DOOFUS?
BROTHER, I KNOW DOOFUS!!
HA!! THAT'S SOME COINCIDENCE!! I KNOW DOOFUS, ALSO!!
ISSAT SO?! WELL, FRIEND, YOU HAVE MY DEEPEST SYMPATHIES! ANYHOW, LISSEN TO THE LATEST CAPER.
..IT'S LIKE THIS.. DOOFUS AND HIS BEST PAL, THAT IMBECILE, HANK HOLLIVER, DECIDE THEY'RE GOING TO PRANK ME! ME!! THE ASSISTANT CITY DESK COPY EDITOR!!
?!!
DOOFUS EVEN GOT HIS GIRLFRIEND AND HER KIDS T'GO ALONG WITH THE GAG, NOT TO MENTION PHIL AND THE GUYS IN THE COMPOSING ROOM!!
HA HA!! THE WISEASS!! NATCH!! WHO BUT DOOFUS?! HE AND HIS CRONIES NAILED MY ASS BUT GOOD!! WHEN I GOT BACK TO MY CUBICLE AFTER LUNCH -- DAMN IF THEY DIDN'T GET ME GOOD!!
YOU MEAN DOOFUS !?
HAW! HAW!
?
I'M SORRY, MISTER, BUT NOW I'M NOT SURE WE'RE REFERRING TO THE SAME PERSON! THE 'DOOFUS' I KNOW WEARS A STRAW BOATER HAT, AND HAS A SIDEKICK, HENRY HOTCHKISS AS A BEST FRIEND -- "DOOFUS" ANDERSEN!
OH!! WELL.. MY MISTAKE THEN. I WAS TALKING ABOUT THIS GUY I WORK WITH.. "DOOFUS" WILLIAMS.
HMMMNNN...
End!

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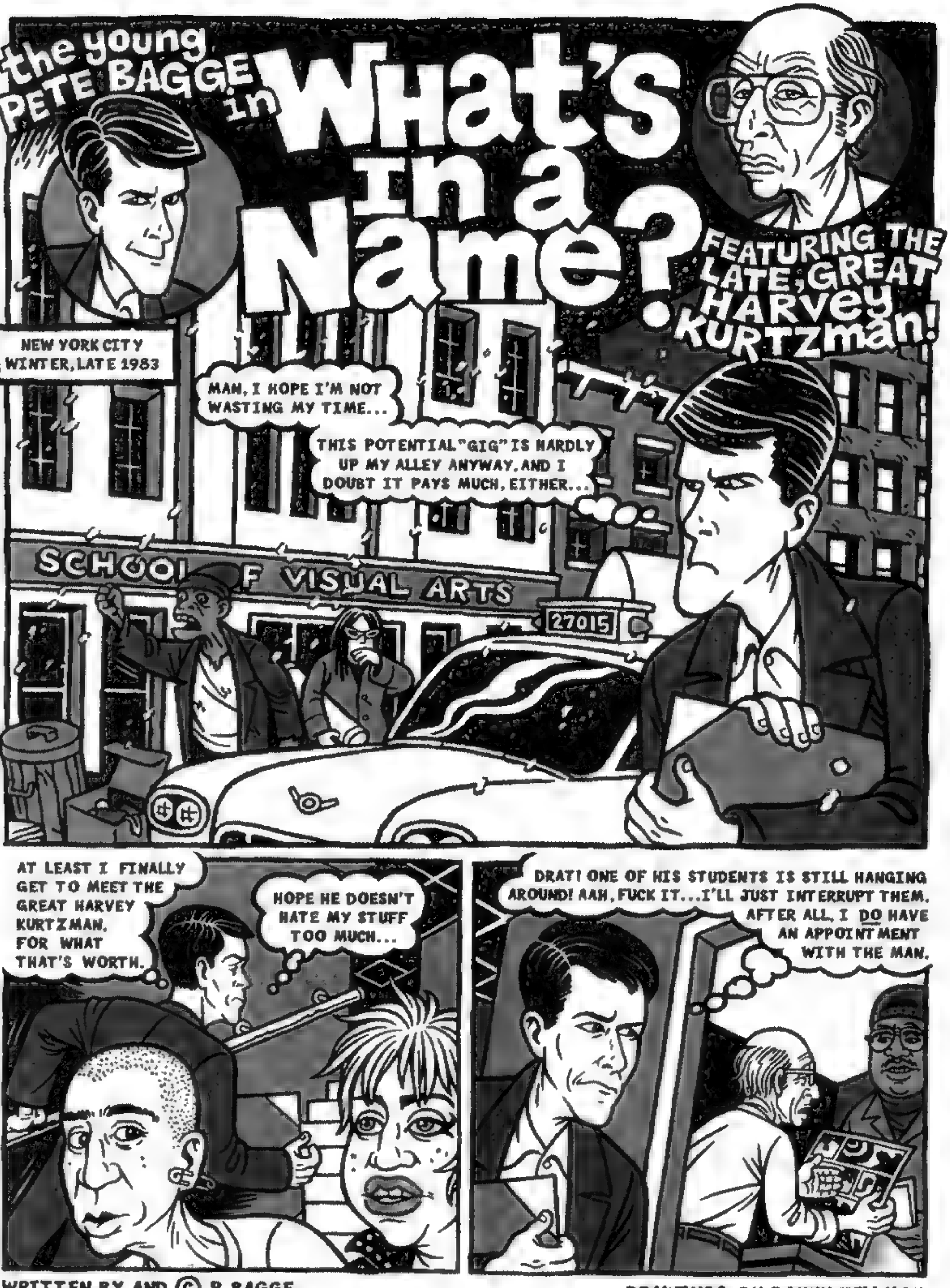

WRITTEN BY AND © P.BAGGE

DRAWINGS BY DANNY HELLMAN

E-EXCUSE ME, MR. KURTZMAN? MY NAME'S PETER BAGGE... I'M HERE TO
WHO?? WHAT?!?
YOU'RE STILL LOOKING FOR CONTRIBUTORS FOR YOUR NEW MAGAZINE, RIGHT?
YOU TOLD ME TO MEET YOU HERE...
I DID? I HAVE NO RECOLLECTION...
BUT SINCE YOU'RE HERE, I MIGHT AS WELL TAKE A LOOK...
UH...SEE YOU NEXT WEEK, HARVEY!
DARYL
WHAT'S YOUR NAME AGAIN? "BAGGE"? WHAT KINDA NAME IS THAT?
I, UH...
COMICAL FUNNIES
THE WACKY WORLD
BAGGE
THIS MAGAZINE I'M STARTING IS FOR KIDS, YOU KNOW. YOU ARE AWARE OF THAT, AREN'T YOU?
ER, YES...
HE LOOKS SO FRAIL...IS HE SICK?
HERE YA GO. THANKS, BUT NO THANKS.
B-BUT, WHY?!?
YOU GOT SOMETHING THERE, KID. SOME KINDA STYLE EVOLVING... BUT YOU AIN'T THERE YET.
OH...
HEY, YOU USED TO PUBLISH COMICS WITH JOHN HOLMSTROM, DIDN'T YOU?
YES, I DID... I WAS THE ONE WHO SENT 'EM TO YOU.
...I THOUGHT HE DIDN'T KNOW WHO I WAS!!
THAT HOLMSTROM WAS IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR OF A MAJOR TREND WITH THAT "PUNK" MAGAZINE, BUT HE THREW IT ALL AWAY...
THREW IT AWAY?? "PUNK" WENT OUT OF BUSINESS!!

OUT OF BUSINESS MY FOOT! HE DROVE IT INTO THE GROUND IS WHAT HE DID!!!
YEAH, YEAH...
SO, YOU'RE GONNA BE TAKING OVER "WEIRDO" FOR ROBERT CRUMB, HUH?
UH, YEAH...HOW DID YOU KNOW?
SUDDENLY THIS SENILE OLD CODGER KNOWS EVERYTHING ABOUT ME!!
THAT CRUMB...HE'S ANOTHER ONE FOR THE BOOKS! HE HAD A BIG SELLER ON HIS HANDS WITH "ZAP" COMIX... IT WAS A PHENOMENON!!
SO WHAT DOES HE DO? HE STARTS PUTTING OUT ONE SHOTS WITH TITLES LIKE "XYZ", "DESPAIR", AND "UNEEDA" WHO NEEDS "UNEEDA"?
AND NOW IT'S "WEIRDO". WHAT THE HELL IS "WEIRDO"?
IT'S A MESS, IS WHAT IT IS!! PUT OUT BY A NUTCASE!! I WISH YOU LUCK, MY FRIEND... YOU'RE GONNA NEED IT!!
THAT CRUMB IS A FLAKE!!!
OH, YEAH...I FORGOT TO TELL YOU, YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS ARE WAITING FOR YOU IN THE STUDENT LOUNGE...
...WHO? WHAT LITTLE FRIENDS ?
DREW FRIEDMAN AND MARK NEWGARDEN.
I TOLD THEM YOU'D BE HERE, SO THEY WAITED FOR YA!
I THOUGHT HE DIDN'T REMEMBER I WAS COMING TODAY!!
THOSE TWO ARE THE MOST OBNOXIOUS STUDENTS I EVER HAD, GOD DAMN THEM TO HELL... BE SURE TO GIVE THEM MY LOVE.
ER, WILL DO! HEH HEH!!

LATER...
SO...HOW DID YOUR MEETING GO WITH THE GREAT HARVEY KURTZMAN?
ARE YOU PART OF THE "NUTS" CREATIVE TEAM NOW?
NAH...I GOT THE THUMBS DOWN.
AAH, CONSIDER YOURSELF LUCKY. "NUTS" AIN'T GOING ANYWHERE...JUST CHALK IT UP AS ANOTHER OF HARVEY'S LONG LIST OF FAILURES!
HEY...IS KURTZMAN SICK OR SOMETHING? HE DIDN'T LOOK SO GOOD!
OH, HARVEY'S SICK, ALL RIGHT... SICK OF LIFE!! HEH HEH...
I'M SERIOUS! HE WAS REALLY SHAKY, AND WOULD GO FROM BEING OUT OF IT AND FORGETFUL TO BEING LUCID AND REALLY ANGRY!
UH OH... HARVEY WAS RANTING AGAIN!
WHAT WAS HE ANGRY ABOUT?
HE WAS GOING ON ABOUT HOW CRUMB BLEW IT WITH "ZAP", AND HOW HOLMSTROM DID THE SAME WITH "PUNK".
AAH. IT'S OBVIOUS HE'S JUST ANGRY AT HIMSELF FOR QUITTING "MAD."
HE'S JUST BITTER, IS ALL... A BITTER OLD MAN.
WELL, I SHOULD GET GOING...
SAME HERE.
MAN, IT'S COLD OUT THERE TONITE!
BY THE WAY, PETE... I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN ABOUT HARVEY. HE DOES LOOK BAD TODAY.
OH YEAH? WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?
I DUNNO, BUT WHATEVER IT IS, IT CAN'T BE GOOD!
HARVEY KURTZMAN DIED IN 1993 OF COMPLICATIONS FROM PARKINSON'S DISEASE AND COLON CANCER...R.I.P.!

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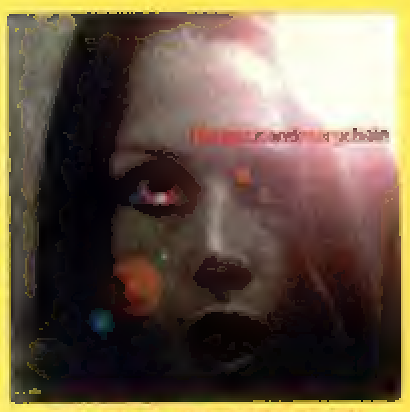
I, LOTHAR, SAY AAARRGHHH!! GOODBYE, CRUEL HATE!

OH MASTER ANORAGG, WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN LOTHAR?
HAVE I NOT SERVED YOU WELL THESE PAST AEONS ON THIS PLANE?
WAS IT NOT LOTHAR WHO CAPTURED THE SOULS OF LEGIONS OF DWARVES, ELVES AND MEN?
WAS IT NOT LOTHAR WHO BANISHED THE BLACK WRAITH TO THE PIT OF K'RI N'ALI?
WAS IT NOT LOTHAR WHO PRESENTED THE COUNCIL OF HORNED ONES WITH THE HEAD OF GRON THE MAKER OF DEATH, IMPALED ON A HALLOWED SPEAR OF HIS OWN DESIGN?
INDEED, IT WAS I! LOTHAR!!

AND YET, HERE LIES EXHALED THE FINAL BREATH OF HATE!
OH, CURSED BE A TIME WHEN A MONUMENT OF VALOR SUCH AS HATE MAY BE CARELESSLY TURNED TO DUST BY THE FICKLE HAND OF YOU, ANORAGG!

SUCH ACTS OF WANTON DESTRUCTION MAY HAVE WELL PLEASED THE LOTHAR OF YESTERDAY, TRUTH.
YET, I HAVE NOT BUT A HOLLOW, DULL PAIN WHERE ONCE LAUGHTER BORN OF EVIL WAS HOUSED.
FROM TODAY, LOTHAR SHALL NO LONGER BE A DESTROYER OF WORLDS BUT A LONESOME VAGABOND FOREVER WANDERING AMIDST THE SANDS OF INFINITE SADNESS.

ANORAGG, THESE, MY 6 DISCIPLES, WHOM HATH SERVED ME WELL, I LEAVE TO YOU.
FAREWELL,
LOTHAR



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